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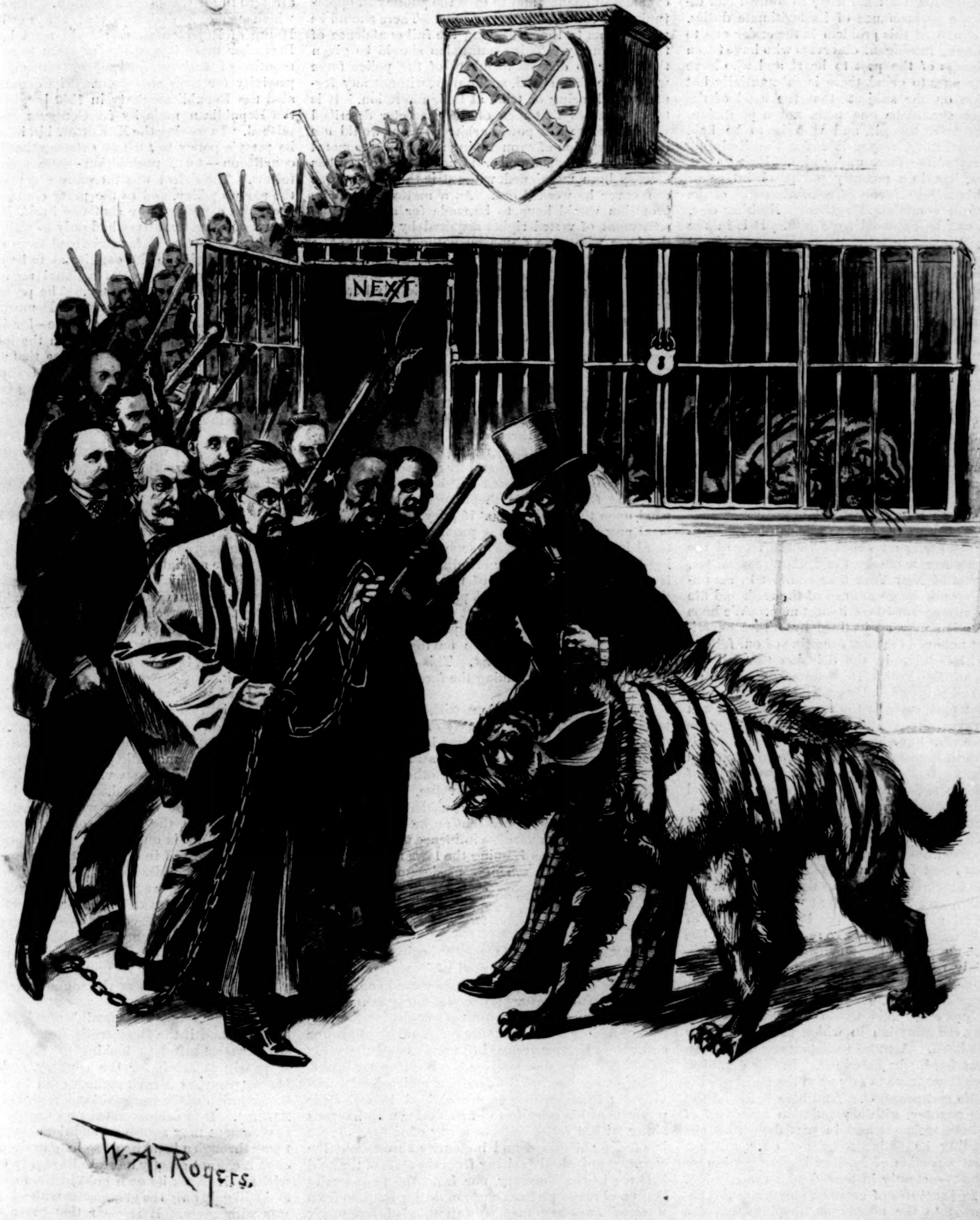

MORE WORK FOR VICTORIOUS REFORM.

ANOTHER BOSS COME TO TOWN.

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REORGANIZING THE POLICE.

THE police problem is decidedly the most difficult the municipal reformers of the city of New York have to deal with. They have two objects to accomplish which are entirely distinct from one another, and should be treated each for itself. One is to reorganize the police force in such a manner as to eliminate from it the bad elements, and to put in their places men who can be depended upon in point of honesty and efficiency. The other is to give the force so reorganized a head fitted to control and direct it in the performance of its legitimate duties. The second part of this problem is the easier one to solve. Among intelligent observers who have taken the experiences of the past to heart, and who have no partisan axes to grind, there is substantially but one opinion on the subject—that the head of the police force should be one man, not a politician, who is to hold himself, and who is to be held by the community, responsible for the discipline and conduct of the force under him. Boss PLATT, to be sure, has in a recently published interview declared himself in favor of a continuance of the old bipartisan commission system. Nothing else, of course, can be expected from him. It is in the line of his trade. But the main argument, if not the only one, he has still to bring forward in favor of this thoroughly discredited system is that the police commission "has full charge of our electoral machinery," and that "we have just adopted a constitutional amendment providing that the two principal political parties shall be equally represented at the polls," which would be nullified if we had only "a single-headed police commission." If this is Boss PLATT's only trouble, it can easily be solved by taking the "charge of our electoral machinery" entirely out of the hands of the head of the police, and transferring it to the bureau of elections, which should be done in any event. Mr. PLATT will then, probably, find some other reason for continuing the bipartisan commission, but it is to be hoped that the opinions of this statesman on such subjects will soon be of less importance than they have been of late years.

The question how the police force can be reorganized is not so easily answered. In the face of the awful disclosures made by the LEXOW committee, many citizens of New York take comfort in assuming that, after all, the great mass of the rank and file of the police force consists of honest men. We hope this assumption may be justified by future experience. But not even the most sanguine of our fellow-citizens will indulge in the delusion that all the rottenness of the Police Department has been revealed. And it is eminently probable, if not certain, that a great part, perhaps the larger part of it, will never be revealed. We know that many members of the force who have been shown to be scoundrels had been until then looked upon as decent men and good officers. But we do not know how many of those that are to-day regarded as decent men and good officers would turn out to be as bad as their disgraced comrades, could their past conduct be laid open. We know further that it will be utterly impossible to weed out the police force as it ought to be weeded out—that is, to rid it of all its corrupt and dangerous elements—if we make the dismissal of policemen, high and low, dependent upon the production of legal evidence, and the lengthy course of hearings, trials, and appeals. To reorganize the police force in such a way will be an entirely hopeless task. It absolutely requires that those charged with the business should be armed with extraordinary powers and a large discretion, enabling them to resort to summary process. This would unquestionably be justified by the situation in which the city of New York finds itself. A more serious stress of circumstances can hardly be imagined. In our organization of society we have to rely upon the police for the safety of life and property. And here is the largest city of the country, with a population composed of the most heterogeneous and in part dangerous elements, finding its police force not only untrustworthy, but a portion of it—how large a portion we do not know—actually in league with the criminal classes. In junctures of extreme perplexity the Romans resorted to the temporary appointment of a dictator. The city of New York, to relieve itself of its exceptional peril, certainly needs the exercise of some extraordinary authority.

So far, we doubt not, every fair-minded man will agree with us. On the suggestions we are now going to offer there may be great difference of opinion. The reorganization of the police may be confided to one man or to a commission appointed for that special purpose. Were the record of Superintendent BYRNES such as to give him the full confidence of the community, he, with his experience as a policeman and his personal knowledge of the police force of New York, would probably be the fittest man, if armed with the necessary powers, to accomplish the task single-handed. But Dr. PARKHURST has publicly given reasons for considering Superintendent BYRNES not entitled to that confidence; and nobody will deny that those reasons have great weight. This is to be regretted all the more as it will be difficult, if not impossible, to find a man who might be fit to undertake such a task alone, or willing to shoulder its responsibilities. It might then be done by a commission. As we conceive it, such a commission should be created by law for the express purpose of reorganizing the police of New York city within a certain time, say one or two years, after which it should cease to exist. It should be composed of three or of five citizens of New York, eminent for their character and public spirit. They should be named in the bill, so as to exclude all chance, and to give the public full opportunity for canvassing their merits. There should be no doubt as to their enjoying the full confidence of the community. This commission should be given the power to dismiss members of the police force within the time stated, summarily, without any formality of hearing or trial, at their discretion. It is to be assumed that men of the character described would not use this power arbitrarily, but would use it upon suspicion of wrong-doing amounting to moral conviction. Such a power is necessary, for, as has already been mentioned, without it the police force can never be weeded out. As a matter of course, provision would have to be made for an equitable settlement of vested rights acquired by members of the force who were dismissed without being in the regular way convicted of guilt. The admission of new men to the police force, as well as promotion within it, should be governed by strict civil service rules.

Another way of reorganizing the force by such a commission would be this: Let the act creating the commission provide that at a certain period, say one year or two years after the date of enactment, the tenure of all the members of the force, of whatever grade, shall cease; that those of them who wish to be reappointed at the end of that period shall, within a certain time, say three or six months, make formal application for such reappointment; and let it be understood that the character and record of those applying for reappointment will be sharply inquired into, and that not only the reappointment will depend upon the result of that inquiry, but that proper legal proceedings under the penal code will be instituted in all cases in which such inquiries bring to light offences calling for criminal prosecution. It is probable that members of the force having anything serious to conceal will prefer not to apply for reappointment, but to drop out of their positions and out of notice in the quietest possible manner, and that, in the main, only those having a clean conscience will face the scrutiny. This might, perhaps, be the easiest way of ridding the force of its undesirable elements.

We offer these suggestions without the least pretension of pointing out the only or the best method of solving the problem. It may be that more competent judgment will throw them aside as unwise or impracticable. It may be, on the other hand, that it will find in them something of value. In any event, we present them for candid consideration and discussion. It is to be hoped that an intelligent public opinion will have a decisive influence with those who will be charged with framing the laws upon this subject, whatever the schemes of designing political traders may be.

CONGRESS.

THE regular session of Congress begins on Monday. The country is in actual need of important legislation. Its finances and its currency are in a deplorable state. The Treasury is demonstrating its inability to avail itself of the government's credit for the purpose of adding to its gold supply. The wheat-grower and cotton-planter are paying the waste of the trade to which all people are doomed who have no banks, and who, for lack of the facilities which banks provide for their customers, are obliged to sell their products at his price to the first dealer who happens along with a roll of bills or a bag of silver. There is a feeling of unrest and insecurity throughout the country, not wholly arising from the state of the gold balance in the Treasury, nor from the temporarily depressed revenues from customs duties, but also from uncertainty as to money legislation. It is safe to say that there is nowhere any fear of tariff legislation. Men of sense among the Republicans recognize that the days of McKinleyism are over, and that changes in the tariff in the future will be along the lines laid down in the new tariff act. The pressing question is that of the currency, and if nothing else can be accomplished at this coming session at least some of the lessons of present facts and of the late election should find their way into the statute-book.

It is perhaps unwise to expect much from a Congress controlled by a party so recently and so overwhelmingly defeated at the polls as the Democratic party has been. The underlying philosophy of our system of government is not only that the legislative branch shall go slow, that hasty action in one House shall be checked by the other, and that both Houses shall be under the restraining power of the Executive veto, but that the people themselves shall not be able to command revolutionary legislative action. And to this end the House of Representatives which was elected on the 6th of November will not meet in regular session until the first Monday of December, 1895, and will not come into existence until the 4th of March next. Generally this theory is most admirably adapted to the proper conduct of our public business, but this is one of the times when it would be well to be rid at once of the existing House of Representatives.

And yet these disappointed and beaten Democrats are also in an exceptional position. The conditions which make it desirable that the newly elected House of Representatives should meet before next December make it possible for them to spend three months of activity, instead of waiting in dumb passivity for their successors. The country repudiated the Republican party in 1890 because of what the Republican majority in Congress had accomplished. In passing the McKINLEY bill it had carried its party's policy to such an extreme that its logical conclusion—tariff prohibition—was apparently to follow. The defeat was therefore a verdict against the party's policy, and as the party could not be expected to carry out the sentence itself, Mr. REED's House of Representatives had only to wait while the Democratic victors so far recovered from the excitement and passion of the conflict as to be able to legislate with some degree of rational regard for the interests of the whole country. The present case is different. The verdict against the Democratic party is for what the party has not done—for its sins of omission, for it would be a libel on the intelligence of the American people to suppose that the voters who decided in 1890 and in 1892 in favor of a low tariff would turn about before a halting compliance with their demands had gone into effect and vote for the maintenance of the policy that they had twice rejected.

It is the part of wisdom for the Democrats in Congress to recognize the meaning of the election, as well as the part of duty to do the work with which they have been intrusted. If they are to recover before 1896 from the serious blow which has been dealt them, they must exert themselves to the utmost to efface the impression which the Democratic Senators made in the special session of 1893, and in the regular session at which the tariff bill was passed; and the first opportunity they will have to exhibit to the country their appreciation of existing conditions, and their purpose to obey the wishes of the voters, will be afforded to them by the coming session, when, if they are wise, they will settle down to a winter of hard work.

By hard work we mean practical work. Efforts to define individual and party policies by the introduction and passage of measures that cannot become laws will not satisfy the country of anything else than that the Democratic party continues under the control of the dangerous visionaries whom the voters have just condemned. It cannot be too often repeated that the country wants something done. Therefore when the friends of Mr. VOORHEES announce that he is on his way to Washington with a free coinage bill in his pocket, they are admitting that his influence will be cast in favor of wasting the winter. A free coinage bill cannot become a law so long as Mr. CLEVELAND is President, and there is not a two-thirds vote in favor of the expiring movement in each House of Congress. Neither can a bill become a law repealing the tax on State bank circulation unaccompanied by provisions that will guarantee to all their holders the soundness of the State bank notes.

Two things ought to be possible of accomplishment, however, and if the Democratic House of Representatives passes safe bills looking to these ends, it will do nearly as much for the country, and therefore for its party, as Mr. CLEVELAND did by compelling the adoption of the unconditional repeal of the SHERMAN act. It is demonstrated now that although the government may secure an additional supply of currency through a bond issue, so long as the greenbacks exist it cannot greatly increase its supply of gold. It will receive back its own gold in the form of loans, and will gain only the greenbacks with which the gold was withdrawn. It is clear that greenbacks must cease to be part of our currency as soon as possible, and this House of Representatives can accomplish something looking to that end, and to replacing the greenbacks, as well as our national bank notes, with a more elastic paper currency.

The second effort of the Secretary of the Treasury to repair his depleted resources by availing himself of the act of 1875 should lead to a remedy of the crude condition which compels the government to borrow at high rates of interest on long-time bonds. An act authorizing the Secretary to borrow as his necessities require, for a shorter or longer period, in his discretion, paying the market rates, ought to pass before the 4th of March. Such an act would simply place the Treasury on a business footing, and give to the government the advantage enjoyed by every one of its citizens who is forced to borrow.

If Congress passes measures providing for a more elastic paper money, and the retirement of the greenbacks, and to enable the Secretary of the Treasury to avail himself of ruling market rates and the substantial credit of the government when he needs money, the country will be agreeably disappointed, and the memory of the Fifty-third Congress will not be wholly disagreeable.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL ISSUE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

The politics of the immediate future in the United Kingdom promises to be of far greater interest to the world at large than the contest concerning home-rule has been. The form that the issue will assume is not known, for Lord Rosebery has refused to formulate his proposition. The character, constituency, and powers of the House of Lords will be the subject of the struggle between the Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists on the one side, and the Liberals and Radicals on the other. Lord Rosebery declared at Bradford that the claim made by the House of Lords to stand in the way of the will of the nation would be not only the leading but the only issue of the next general election, and the challenge was accepted by Lord Salisbury in a speech at Edinburgh.

Although Lord Rosebery was vague as to the method by which he intends to make war on the Lords, his main purpose is sufficiently clear. He is not opposed to a Second Chamber. Indeed, he explicitly declared at Bradford that he is a "Second Chamber man." But he is opposed to an obsolete and ridiculous Second Chamber, most of whose members never attend, and who, if they did attend, would only make the body more ridiculous, more impotent, and altogether more odious than it already is by their ignorance of the duties of legislators. He is opposed to the continuance of a body so constituted that it is not a break on bad or hasty legislation when the House of Commons is in the control of a Conservative majority, and which makes the House of Commons, and consequently the nation which elected it, absolutely impotent when it has a Liberal majority. He holds to the faith, too, that the House of Commons, directly from the people, representing the great body of the nation, is the "predominant partner" in the British legislature.

These are the tenets of the party, or congeries of parties and factions, that supports and sustains Lord Rosebery's government. The Premier promises that the issue shall be formulated in a resolution which will be presented in the Commons very soon after the beginning of the next session. Whether this resolution will state precisely the reform to be demanded is questionable. The general impression is that the attack will be made on what is known as the veto power of the Lords. Lord Rosebery is evidently bent on an important change in the character of the second chamber. He is opposed, for example, to a second chamber possessing the power of the United States Senate. He believes that the Lords should not have the power of final rejection of a measure passed by the Commons. Most likely he approves of a reform which would give the Lords an opportunity of rejecting a measure once passed by the Commons, but deny to it the power to reject the same measure a second time, or at all if it were passed by two-thirds of the Commons. A chamber so reformed would certainly cease to be the second chamber heretofore known to parliamentary governments.

That the Lords and the Conservatives generally are alarmed by the announcement made by Lord Rosebery, and by the evident purpose of the Liberals and Radicals to force the fighting against the Lords, is shown by the manner in which Lord Rosebery's speech was met by Lord Salisbury and by the press of the Conservative party. The House of Lords as at present constituted is surely doomed when the Tory leader and the London *Times* unite in suggesting methods by which it may be reformed. Just as the second chamber principle is safe from absolute rejection, so is it certain that the Lords as a body must be changed. Both sides agree to that. The *Spectator*, echoing and repeating the *Times*, says: "We must get rid of the peers who add nothing to the political capacity of the House, and we must empower every government to add a fair number of peers who shall not be burdened with a hereditary title." These are strange words from a Conservative authority, but stranger still is Lord Salisbury's own declaration in favor of settling the difficulty between the two Houses by adopting the referendum, and the *Times's* hint that the ex-Premier favors the adoption of a plan for electing peers, thus excluding the men who add nothing to the dignity or intelligence of the Upper House, and of appointing life peers who will greatly add to the importance of the body. Then, if a measure coming to such a second chamber is thrown out, it shall be referred to the people under certain conditions, and if of sufficient importance. Speaking of this, the *Spectator* says: "The House which is to have the privilege of referring a great issue to the people must be a thoughtful and distinguished House."

The issue in British politics is not to be whether the Lords shall be reformed. That is settled. The question is broader and deeper than that. It is whether the Lords are to be made helpless to defeat the nation by depriving them of the power of veto, or whether they are to remain as they are, so far as the House of Commons is concerned, but subject to reversal by the people themselves, speaking through the referendum. The suggestion that in the event of electing peers the people shall participate in the election does not seem to be raised.

IS THE HORSE TO SUPERSEDE THE BICYCLE?

An institution for which there seems to be a considerable demand this fall is a home to which horses could be sent for temporary keep pending their adoption into suitable families. The demand for the ordinary horse has fallen off. The horse that can trot or run very fast, or jump high and safely, or haul a heavy carriage handsomely, still brings a price, but the horse that is merely pleasant to drive, tolerably fast, not very big nor very handsome, is around this fall looking for a home at almost any price. A "pretty good" horse has seldom been so cheap as now. It is partly because so many people still find so much more happiness in saving money than in spending it, partly because the bicycle has become a fashion, partly because golf has grown to be a rage, and partly because trolley and cable cars have come so to abound that people can get about more comfortably than they used to without horses.

It is not altogether benevolent to take any pleasure in the uneasiness of one's fellow-men, but the attitude of the horse-dealing contingent toward the bicycle is fit to raise a pardonable smile. For a man who has never been on horseback to ride a bicycle is looked upon by the horse people as a sort of apostasy that is little short of criminal. One of the esteemed horse publications exclaims nervously on its editorial page against the notion that anything fit to be called exercise can be had on a bicycle, and finds conclusive support for its own views in the fact that a man who has ridden a bicycle all summer is still made stiff by his first horseback ride in the fall.

The horsemen must not worry overmuch. The horse is not going to become extinct. Until the bicycle learns new gaits it will not jar the human liver with the therapeutic quiver that the horse gives it. Ladies cannot yet ride out to dinner in their evening dresses on bicycles without exciting more comment than they care to face. Carriages will continue to be useful to people who can afford to keep or hire them, and the number of such people will increase presently as the times grow better. Even when it comes about that the farmer ploughs and goes to market with a storage-battery tractor, and the grand dame goes out to dinner in an electric coupé, the horse must still be bred and kept for the sake of the conversation he inspires. It is not because the horse is so useful that horse shows flourish, but because he is so interesting. No mere machine, no game, no abounding glut of conveniences, no ordinary considerations of economy, will ever drive such a creature out of fashion. When food becomes so scarce that there is not enough for horse and man, man will eat the horse rather than starve with him. When a country becomes so thickly populated that elbows touch, man will crowd the horse out. But until food and elbow-room get far scarcer than they are ever likely to be in this country, the horse will persist. Such conditions as affect the horse market just now will do him good rather than evil, since by discouraging the breeding of any but excellent horses, they must raise the average of horseflesh and make good horses common.

THE FUTURE OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

The Democratic party has been for a century a substantially continuous organization. Its fortunes have sometimes been at a low ebb. In 1840 its candidate had but 60 electoral votes out of 294. It suffered then, as it suffers now, from hard times coming on while it was in power. Its longest period of exclusion from responsible administration was from 1861 to 1893. During all this time it never had at once the Presidency and both Houses of Congress.

The natural result of this was that the party has not in this generation attained that cohesion that can only be produced by concerted and responsible action. Many Congressmen have not learned that in the treatment of questions as to which the party had avowed a distinct policy there was any obligation resting on them to enforce this policy in legislation. The tendency has been to fight a guerilla warfare, and never to forget one's own "deestrict." When the party found itself on the 4th of March, 1893, in possession of the full power of the government, it did not know how to use this power to best advantage. It was a great, a successful, but an undisciplined army. It was weighed down by men who had gone into politics chiefly for what they could make. Hill was in it for his own official advancement; Murphy, for money; Gorman, for both. None of them cared one straw for Democratic principles. Had they lived in Pennsylvania they would all have been Republican protectionists. Unfortunately they had come to be recognized as party leaders. It is a disgrace to the Democrats of New York and Maryland that these mercenaries and camp-followers were not long since drummed out of the camp.

But they were not. They shared the councils of the party and influenced its conduct. Gorman had been prominent for twenty years. The others were more recent accessions. They were all dexterous in the petty arts that too often are successful in manipulating the caucus, and even in controlling the convention. And when a Democratic Senate met in 1893 they were all recognized as entitled to places on committees as representatives of the party to which they nominally belonged. Their Democratic associates did not see that they would do the party more harm than if they had been avowed Republicans.

What happened? When the Wilson bill came to the Senate they did their best to emasculate it, and make it as protectionist, that is to say, as Republican, as possible. Hill did all in his power to secure its absolute defeat.

The voters who had thronged to the Democratic standards in 1892, and carried them on to victory, were confounded at this betrayal of their confidence. If this is Democracy, they cried, we do not see how it differs from Republicanism. In most of the States they staid at home, and let the elections of 1894 go by default. In New York, determined to dethrone Hill and Murphy, they voted for Morton.

And now "Democrat," in your issue of November 17th, avers that Mr. Cleveland is largely responsible for this defeat. From this I must dissent. Mr. Cleveland's influence and counsels have been for years directed against these treacherous Democrats. They hated him with the malignity that selfish men are apt to feel for those whose integrity is in itself a rebuke. The party machinery of New York was in their hands. The State organization appointed its State Committee and its member of the National Committee. These appointments Cleveland could not control. It was the New York State organization who in 1892 nominated candidates for the Legislature who would support for Senator the friend of Hill and Croker; not the wise statesmen, the sincere reformers, of whom there was no lack in our ranks. Cleveland could not reorganize the party, nor dictate its nominations. His protest against the nomination of Murphy was fruitless.

Again, it is said that Cleveland should have used the patronage of the government to strengthen the Anti-Snapper organization. Some of the civil service brethren reproach him for having done this too much. Neither accusation is just. Mr. Cleveland made his New York appointments from the body of the party, without any endeavor to promote the fortunes of any organization. He has always maintained that persons should be selected to fill offices for merit, and not for political reasons. In the end this course is best even for the party, if it be a party of principle.

When the President is censured for having nearly appointed a Tammany man United States Attorney, what is probably meant is that some of his friends advised him to do this. But is not a man entitled to praise for rejecting the bad, and making an appointment so admirable as that of Wallace Macfarlane? As to the Postmastership of New York, can any one who knows Mr. Dayton deny that he is a competent officer, and has efficiently and faithfully discharged the duties of that important office?

I am willing to admit that the Anti-Snapper organization should have been kept up, and that the fight some of us made this fall should have been begun earlier. But I cannot think it either just or manly to say that we could not do this without help from Washington.

The truth is that we all know more about Hill and Tammany than we did two years ago. No one could have imagined that Hill would be so foolish as persistently to attack and obstruct the Democratic administration and Democratic party measures. As to Tammany, many suspected the iniquities that were being perpetrated under the cloak of that organization. But the public conscience was not aroused, nor was it fitting that the President should lead that attack. It has tasked the energies of Parkhurst and Goff. The President had other duties. In truth, the party managers in this State were deaf to his advice. Successive defeats were needed to teach them that permanent success can only be obtained by fidelity to party pledges, and that the American people do require courage and loyalty from their party leaders. It needs no imagination to apply to our Democratic President in his persistent and courageous struggle for tariff reform and honest money the words that were spoken in another crisis:

> The politicians "North and South
> Rose up in wrath and fear,
> And cried, protesting by one mouth,
> 'What monster have we here?
> A great Deed at this hour of day?
> A great just Deed, *and not for pay?*
> Absurd—or insincere.'"

And he might justly answer:

> "The world is many—I am one;
> My great Deed was too great.
> God's fruit of justice ripens slow.
> Men's souls are narrow; let them grow.
> My brothers, we must wait."

We have waited long enough to see that men like Gorman, Hill, and Murphy have no call to be leaders. They can obstruct, but never wisely guide. They know nothing of the great currents of popular sentiment that control elections. They have no conception of the power of justice and truth. Neither Mr. Cleveland nor any other man could ever teach them. They can learn only by the loss of what they seek in politics. When they are forgotten, Mr. Cleveland's name will stand in American history for honest money and commercial freedom. And the party of which he is the true representative will cast out the selfish counsellors who have so often robbed it of the fruits of victory. Its fundamental idea is that it is no part of the function of government to give bounties or privileges to a favored few at the expense of the great body of the people. The policeman's plunder, the compulsory purchase of the mine-owner's silver, and the favoritism of prohibitory tariffs are alike odious to it. Whenever its leaders have departed from loyalty to American freedom and equality it has deservedly been defeated. But always hitherto the party has returned to its allegiance to these truths, and the people then have sustained it. They will not desert us now if we be true to them.

Everett P. Wheeler.

JAMES McCOSH, D.D., LL.D.—[See Page 1135.]
Ex-President of Princeton College. Died November 16, 1894.
From a Photograph by Gutekunst.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN,
Composer and Virtuoso. Died November 20, 1894.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.—[See Page 1135.]
Senator, Orator, and Historian. Died November 16, 1894.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

On November 20th, at Peterhof, near St. Petersburg, music lost one of its greatest living exponents in the person of Anton Gregorievitch Rubinstein, composer and virtuoso. Like Liszt, though in a different way, he had a most picturesque personality; like Liszt, he was more warmly accepted by the musical world as executant and interpreter than as creator; but unlike Liszt, much of his work will be imperishable, for Rubinstein did possess original and commanding genius. Born of Hebrew blood, though of Christian faith, at Wechwotynetz, in Russian Bessarabia, November 28, 1829, his earliest training was at the hands of a musical mother, and he blossomed into a youthful prodigy. His only other teacher was Villoing, the leading Moscow master, and in 1839 the latter took him to Paris to enter him at the Conservatory. The coveted privilege was denied; but the brilliant boy made the acquaintance of Chopin and Liszt, and it is said that Liszt effusively prophesied that the young Russian would be his successor. After a few concerts to pay expenses, Rubinstein became domesticated at Berlin, and studied under the great contrapuntist Dehn, but as virtuoso he sought no further guidance. His genius worked itself out on its own lines. It was then that he seriously contemplated emigrating to the United States. It was Dehn's protest that stopped him. In 1846 he went to Vienna, where he starved bohemianwise, teaching and composing. On several occasions he was saved from despair, and possible suicide, by the kindly offices of Liszt, whom at this stage of evolution he made his pattern of eccentricity, both on and off the concert stool. It was his "storm and stress" period. In 1849 he returned to the Russian capital, and devoted himself strenuously again to the work of teaching and composing. His lessons became remunerative. But that generosity which was the financial bane of his career made him almost give his services to the poor at the compensation of princely fees from the rich. He wrote unsuccessfully Italian opera, song, and piano pieces, but his sanguine spirit was proof against the inhospitable publisher, for the didactic grind kept his head well above water.

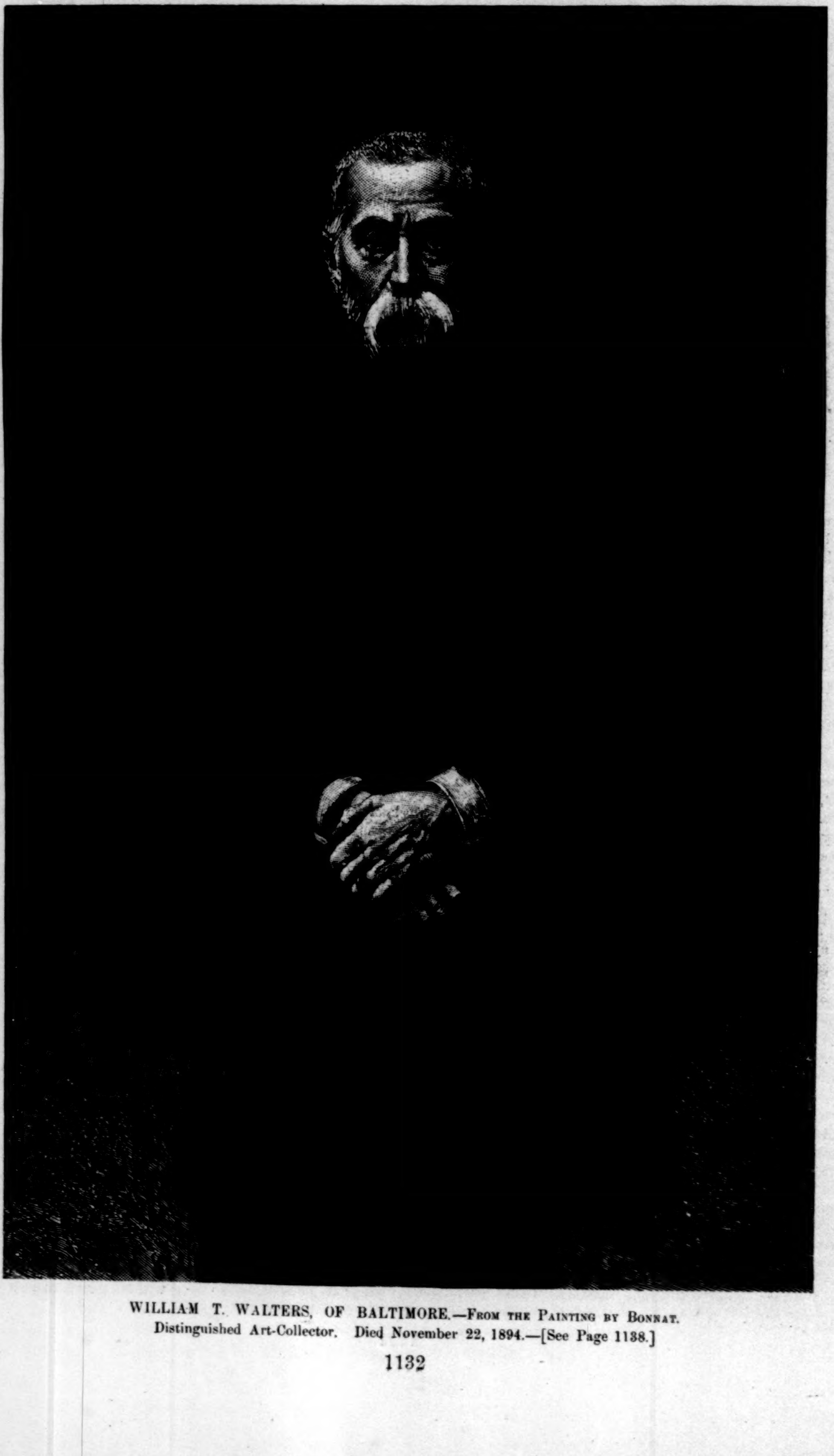
Four years of concert touring, beginning in 1854, created a blaze of enthusiasm throughout Europe as splendid as that which had followed the wake of Liszt. He became celebrated. In 1862, under the patronage of Grand-Duchess Marie, aunt of the Czar, he organized the National Russian Conservatory at St. Petersburg, with a branch at Moscow. The violinist Wieniawski was one of the professors, and among the earliest pupils were Tchaikowski the composer, who died November 6, 1893, and the gifted pianiste Anna Essipov. Two years after his marriage with Vera Tchekonanov the singer, in 1865, he resigned from the Conservatory, and resumed his concert career as virtuoso. In company with his friend Wieniawski he gave 215 concerts in America in 1872, for which he received $40,000. His tour was an unhappy one, and he subsequently refused much greater offers to repeat his American visit. He devoted himself to playing and composing till 1887, when he resumed the directorship of the St. Petersburg Conservatory. Here he remained to the time of his death, rarely appearing in concert, except on anniversary occasions or for charity, for his liberality was imperial. He gave away a quarter of a million dollars in twenty-eight years, and died a poor man.

Rubinstein left an opus catalogue of 113 works, ranging nearly every field of composition—opera, oratorio, symphony, chamber music, piano, and song. His melodic affluence rivalled that of Schubert and Mendelssohn. The first-named, indeed, with Beethoven and Chopin, made for him the divine trinity. Had the critical sense of restraint equalled his tuneful inspiration and the splendor of his imagination, he would have been one of the very greatest of composers. Diffuseness vitiates his enormous production. But some of his works will remain imperishable monuments of genius. Among these may be mentioned his operas *Nero*, *The Maccabees*, and *The Demon*, the symphonies *Dramatic* and *Ocean*, half a hundred exquisite songs, and numerous chamber and piano pieces. Though his work is steeped in Oriental color, he drew but little from the marvellous wealth of Russian folk-music, as did Tchaikowski, or even Glinka. Yet he was an enthusiast about this well-head of national music. He was even passionately hostile to Wagner and his cult. Music he believed to be all-sufficient to itself, and its own interpreter. His own genius was essentially lyrical, and not dramatic, even when working in dramatic form. This accounts for splendid failures which blaze with gems.

As virtuoso on the keyboard, Liszt alone has rivalled this dead magician. Unlike Bülow, he was not contented with mere interpretation. It was always Beethoven or Chopin or Schumann plus Rubinstein. The gush of his creative passion dominated his playing, and gave it startling originality, fire, and depth of suggestion, though it was often moody and unequal. At his best he had no peer; at his worst his very faults gave distinction to his genius.

In person Rubinstein greatly resembled Beethoven. The massive bushy head, the beetling brow, the expression of the eye, the general configuration of the face and skull, were the same. His dreamy, self-communing look on the concert stage was that of one plunged in poetic reverie, and playing for himself, not for others. This indifference to an audience sometimes provoked unkind comment, but for the most it invested him with a resource of power and piqued the curiosity.

G. T. Ferris.

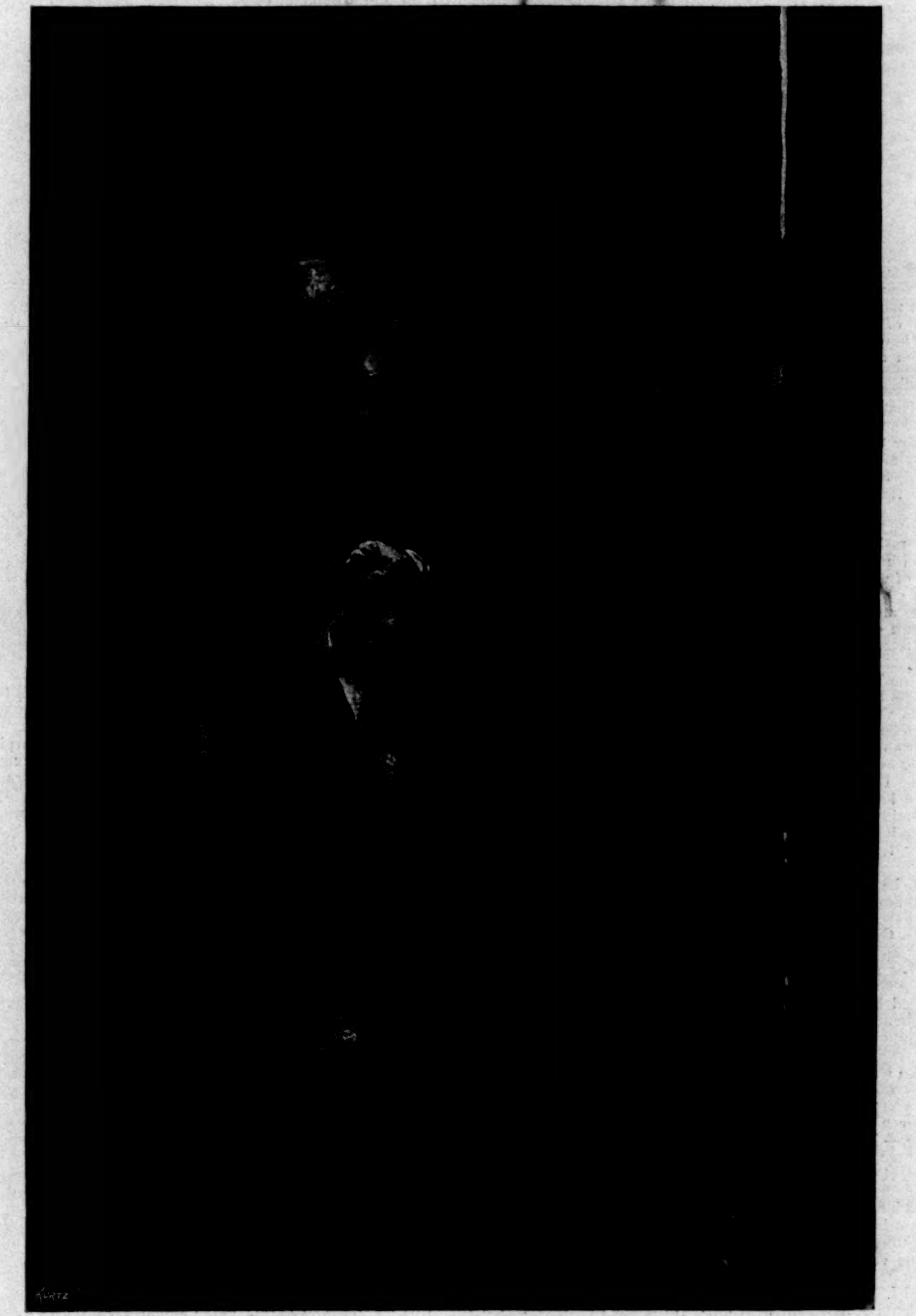


WILLIAM T. WALTERS, OF BALTIMORE.—From the Painting by Bonnat.
Distinguished Art-Collector. Died November 22, 1894.—[See Page 1138.]

THE PARASITE.*

BY A. CONAN DOYLE,

Author of "The Refugees," "Micah Clarke," "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," etc., etc.



PART IV.

APRIL 15.—It is the sweetest spring within the memory of man—so green, so mild, so beautiful! Ah, what a contrast between nature without, and my own soul so torn with doubt and terror! It has been an uneventful day, but I know that I am on the edge of an abyss. I know it, and yet I go on with the routine of my life. The one bright spot is that Agatha is happy and well, and out of all danger. If this creature had a hand on each of us, what might she not do?

April 16th.—The woman is ingenious in her torments. She knows how fond I am of my work, and how highly my lectures are thought of. So it is from that point that she now attacks me. It will end, I can see, in my losing my professorship, but I will fight it to the finish. She shall not drive me out of it without a struggle.

I was not conscious of any change during my lecture this morning save that for a minute or two I had a dizziness and swimminess, which rapidly passed away. On the contrary, I congratulated myself upon having made my subject (the functions of the red corpuscles) both interesting and clear. I was surprised, therefore, when a student came into my laboratory immediately after the lecture and complained of being puzzled by the discrepancy between my statements and those in the text-books. He showed me his note-book, in which I was reported as having in one portion of the lecture championed the most outrageous and unscientific heresies. Of course I denied it, and declared that he had misunderstood me; but on comparing his notes with those of his companions, it became clear that he was right, and that I really had made some most preposterous statements. Of course I shall explain it away as being the result of a moment of aberration, but I feel only too sure that it will be the first of a series. It is but a month now to the end of the session, and I pray that I may be able to hold out till then.

April 26th.—Ten days have elapsed since I have had the heart to make any entry in my journal. Why should I record my own humiliation and degradation? I had vowed never to open it again. And yet the force of habit is strong, and here I find myself taking up once more the record of my own dreadful experiences—in much the same spirit in which a suicide has been known to take notes of the effects of the poison which killed him.

Well, the crash which I had foreseen has come—and that no further back than yesterday. The university authorities have taken my lectureship from me. It has been done in the most delicate way, purporting to be a temporary measure to relieve me from the effects of overwork, and to give me the opportunity of recovering my health. None the less it has been done, and I am no longer Professor Gilroy. The laboratory is still in my charge, but I have little doubt that that also will soon go.

The fact is that my lectures had become the laughing-stock of the university. My class was crowded with students who came to see and hear what the eccentric professor would do or say next. I cannot go into the detail of my humiliation. Oh, that devilish woman! There is no depth of buffoonery and imbecility to which she has not forced me. I would begin my lecture clearly and well—but always with the sense of a coming eclipse. Then, as I felt the influence, I would struggle against it, striving with clinched hands and beads of sweat upon my brow to get the better of it, while the students, hearing my incoherent words and watching my contortions, would roar with laughter at the antics of their professor. And then, when she had once fairly mastered me, out would come the most outrageous things, silly jokes, sentiments as though I were proposing a toast, snatches of ballads, personal abuse even against some member of my class. And then in a moment my brain would clear again, and my lecture would proceed decorously to the end. No wonder that my conduct has been the talk of the colleges! No wonder that the university senate has been compelled to take official notice of such a scandal! Oh, that devilish woman!

And the most dreadful part of it all is my own loneliness. Here I sit in a commonplace English bow-window, looking out upon a commonplace English street, with its garish busses and its lounging policeman, and behind me there hangs a shadow which is out of all keeping with the age and place. In the home of knowledge I am weighed down and tortured by a power of which science knows nothing. No magistrate would listen to me. No paper would discuss my case. No doctor would believe my symptoms. My own most intimate friends would only look upon it as a sign of brain-derangement. I am out of all touch with my kind. Oh, that devilish woman! Let her have a care! She may push me too far. When the law cannot help a man, he may make a law for himself.

She met me in the high street yesterday evening and spoke to me. It was as well for her perhaps that it was not between the hedges of a lonely country road. She asked me with her cold smile whether I had been chastened yet. I did not deign to answer her. "We must try another turn of the screw," said she. Have a care, my lady—have a care! I had her at my mercy once. Perhaps another chance may come.

April 28th.—The suspension of my lectureship has had the effect also of taking away her means of annoying me, and so I have enjoyed two blessed days of peace. After all, there is no reason to despair. Sympathy pours in to me from all sides, and every one agrees that it is my devotion to science and the arduous nature of my researches which have shaken my nervous system. I have had the kindest message from the council, advising me to travel abroad, and expressing the confident hope that I may be able to resume all my duties by the beginning of the summer term. Nothing could be more flattering than their allusions to my career and to my services to the university. It is only in misfortune that one can test one's own popularity. This creature may weary of tormenting me, and then all may yet be well. May God grant it!

April 29th.—Our sleepy little town has had a small sensation. The only knowledge of crime which we ever have is when a rowdy undergraduate breaks a few lamps or comes to blows with a policeman. Last night, however, there was an attempt made to break into the branch of the Bank of England, and we are all in a flutter in consequence.

Parkenson the manager is an intimate friend of mine, and I found him very much excited when I walked round there after breakfast. Had the thieves broken into the counting-house they would still have had the safes to reckon with, so that the defence was considerably stronger than the attack. Indeed, the latter does not appear to have been very formidable. Two of the lower windows have marks as if a chisel or some such instrument had been pushed under them to force them open. The police should have a good clew, for the wood-work had been done with green paint only the day before, and from the smears it is evident that some of it has found its way on to the criminal's hands or clothes.

4.30 P.M.—Ah, that accursed woman! That thrice-accursed woman! Never mind! She shall not beat me! No, she shall not! But oh, the she-devil! She has taken my professorship. Now she would take my honor. Is there nothing I can do against her, nothing save— Ah, but, hard pushed as I am, I cannot bring myself to think of that!

It was about an hour ago that I went into my bedroom, and was brushing my hair before the glass, when suddenly my eyes lit upon something which left me so sick and cold that I sat down upon the edge of the bed and began to cry. It is many a long year since I shed tears, but all my nerve was gone, and I could but sob and sob in impotent grief and anger. There was my house-jacket, the coat I usually wear after dinner, hanging on its peg by the wardrobe, with the right sleeve thickly crusted from wrist to elbow with daubs of green paint.

So this was what she meant by another turn of the screw! She had made a public imbecile of me. Now she would brand me as a criminal. This time she has failed. But how about the next? I dare not think of it—and of Agatha and my poor old mother! I wish that I were dead!

Yes, this is the other turn of the screw. And this is also what she meant, no doubt, when she said that I had not realized yet the power she has over me. I look back at my account of my conversation with her, and I see how she declared that with a slight exertion of her will her subject would be conscious, and with a stronger one unconscious. Last night I was unconscious. I could have sworn that I slept soundly in my bed without so much as a dream. And yet those stains tell me that I dressed, made my way out, attempted to open the bank windows, and returned. Was I observed? Is it possible that some one saw me do it and followed me home? Ah, what a hell my life has become! I have no peace, no rest. But my patience is nearing its end.

10 P.M.—I have cleaned my coat with turpentine. I do not think that any one could have seen me. It was with my screw-driver that I made the marks. I found it all crusted with paint, and I have cleaned it. My head aches as if it would burst, and I have taken five grains of antipyrine. If it were not for Agatha, I should have taken fifty and had an end of it.

May 3d.—Three quiet days. This hell-fiend is like a cat with a mouse. She lets me loose only to pounce upon me again. I am never so frightened as when everything is still. My physical state is deplorable—perpetual hiccough and ptosis of the left eyelid.

I have heard from the Mardens that they will be back the day after to-morrow. I do not know whether I am glad or sorry. They were safe in London. Once here, they may be drawn into the miserable network in which I am myself struggling. And I must tell them of it. I cannot marry Agatha so long as I know that I am not responsible for my own actions. Yes, I must tell them, even if it brings everything to an end between us.

To-night is the university ball, and I must go. God knows I never felt less in the humor for festivity, but I must not have it said that I am unfit to appear in public. If I am seen there, and have speech with some of the elders of the university, it will go a long way towards showing them that it would be unjust to take my chair away from me.

11.30 P.M.—I have been to the ball. Charles Sadler and I went together, but I have come away before him. I shall wait up for him, however, for, indeed, I fear to go to sleep these nights. He is a cheery, practical fellow, and a chat with him will steady my nerves. On the whole, the evening was a great success. I talked to every one who has influence, and I think that I made them realize that my chair is not vacant quite yet. The creature was at the ball—unable to dance, of course, but sitting with Mrs. Wilson. Again and again her eyes rested upon me. They were almost the last things I saw before I left the room. Once as I sat sideways to her I watched her, and saw that her gaze was following some one else. It was Sadler, who was dancing at the time with the second Miss Thurston. To judge by her expression, it is well for him that he is not in her grip as I am.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1977.

He does not know the escape he has had. I think I hear his step in the street now, and I will go down and let him in. If he will—

May 4th.—Why did I break off in this way last night? I never went down stairs after all—at least, I have no recollection of doing so. But, on the other hand, I cannot remember going to bed. One of my hands is greatly swollen this morning, and yet I have no remembrance of injuring it yesterday. Otherwise, I am feeling all the better for last night's festivity. But I cannot understand how it is that I did not meet Charles Sadler when I so fully intended to do so. Is it possible—my God, it is only too probable! Has she been leading me some devil's dance again? I will go down to Sadler and ask him.

Mid-day.—The thing has come to a crisis. My life is not worth living. But, if I am to die, then she shall come also. I will not leave her behind to drive some other man mad as she has me. No, I have come to the limit of my endurance. She has made me as desperate and dangerous a man as walks the earth. God knows I have never had the heart to hurt a fly, and yet if I had my hands now upon that woman she should never leave this room alive. I shall see her this very day, and she shall learn what she has to expect from me.

I went to Sadler, and found him to my surprise in bed. As I entered he sat up and turned a face towards me which sickened me as I looked at it.

"Why, Sadler, what has happened?" I cried, but my heart turned cold as I said it.

"Gilroy," he answered, mumbling with his swollen lips, "I have for some weeks been under the impression that you are a madman. Now I know it, and that you are a dangerous one as well. If it were not that I am unwilling to make a scandal in the college, you would now be in the hands of the police."

"Do you mean—" I cried.

"I mean that as I opened the door last night you rushed out upon me, struck me with both your fists in the face, knocked me down, kicked me furiously in the side, and left me lying almost unconscious in the street. Look at your own hand bearing witness against you."

Yes, there it was, puffed up with sponge-like knuckles as after some terrific blow. What could I do? Though he put me down as a madman, I must tell him all. I sat by his bed, and went over all my troubles from the beginning. I poured them out with quivering hands and burning words, which might have carried conviction to the most sceptical.

"She hates you and she hates me," I cried. "She revenged herself last night on both of us at once. She saw me leave the ball, and she must have seen you also. She knew how long it would take you to reach home. Then she had but to use her wicked will. Ah, your bruised face is a small thing beside my bruised soul!"

He was struck by my story. That was evident. "Yes, yes; she watched me out of the room," he muttered. "She is capable of it. But is it possible that she has really reduced you to this? What do you intend to do?"

"To stop it," I cried. "I am perfectly desperate; I shall give her fair warning to-day, and the next time will be the last."

"Do nothing rash," said he.

"Rash!" I cried. "The only rash thing is that I should postpone it another hour." With that I rushed to my room, and here I am on the eve of what may be the great crisis of my life. I shall start at once. I have gained one thing to-day, for I have made one man, at least, realize the truth of this monstrous experience of mine. And, if the worst should happen, this diary remains as a proof of the goad that has driven me.

Evening.—When I came to Wilson's I was shown up, and found that he was sitting with Miss Penclosa. For half an hour I had to endure his fussy talk about his recent research into the exact nature of the spiritualistic rap, while the creature and I sat in silence looking across the room at each other. I read a sinister amusement in her eyes, and she must have seen hatred and menace in mine. I had almost despaired of having speech with her, when he was called from the room and we were left for a few minutes together.

"Well, Professor Gilroy—or is it Mr. Gilroy?" said she, with that bitter smile of hers. "How is your friend Mr. Charles Sadler after the ball?"

"You fiend!" I cried. "You have come to the end of your tricks now. I will have no more of them. Listen to what I say"—I strode across and shook her roughly by the shoulder—"as sure as there is a God in heaven, I swear that if you try another of your deviltries upon me I will have your life for it. Come what may, I will have your life. I have come to the end of what a man can endure."

"Accounts are not quite settled between us," said she, with a passion that equalled my own; "I can love and I can hate. You had your choice. You chose to spurn the first; now you must test the other. It will take a little more to break your spirit, I see, but broken it shall be. Miss Marden comes back to-morrow, as I understand."

"What has that to do with you?" I cried. "It is a pollution that you should dare even to think of her. If I thought that you would harm her—"

She was frightened, I could see, though she tried to brazen it out. She read the black thought in my mind, and cowered away from me.

"She is fortunate in having such a companion," said she. "He actually dares to threaten a lonely woman. I must really congratulate Miss Marden upon her protector."

The words were bitter, but the voice and manner were more acid still.

"There is no use talking," said I. "I only came here to tell you, and to tell you most solemnly, that your next outrage upon me will be your last." With that, as I heard Wilson's step upon the stair, I walked from the room. Ay, she may look venomous and deadly, but for all that she is beginning to see now that she has as much to fear from me as I can have from her. Murder! It has an ugly sound. But you don't talk of murdering a snake or of murdering a tiger. Let her have a care now.

May 5th.—I met Agatha and her mother at the station at eleven o'clock. She is looking so bright, so happy, so beautiful. And she was so overjoyed to see me. What have I done to deserve such love! I went back home with them, and we lunched together. All the troubles seem in a moment to have been shredded back from my life. She tells me that I am looking pale and worried and ill. The dear child puts it down to my loneliness, and the perfunctory attentions of a housekeeper. I pray that she may never know the truth! May the shadow, if shadow there must be, lie ever black across my life, and leave hers in the sunshine! I have just come back from them, feeling a new man. With her by my side I think that I could show a bold face to anything which life might send.

5 P.M.—Now let me try to be accurate. Let me try to **say exactly how it occurred. It is fresh in my mind, and I can set it down correctly, though it is not likely that the time will ever come when I shall forget the doings of to-day.**

I had returned from the Mardens' after lunch, and was cutting some microscopic sections in my freezing microtome when in an instant I lost consciousness in the sudden hateful fashion which has become only too familiar to me of late.

When my senses came back to me I was sitting in a small chamber, very different from the one in which I had been working. It was cozy and bright, with chintz-covered settees, colored hangings, and a thousand pretty little trifles upon the wall. A small ornamental clock ticked in front of me, and the hands pointed to half past three. It was all quite familiar to me, and yet I stared about for a moment in a half-dazed way until my eyes fell upon a cabinet photograph of myself upon the top of the piano. On the other side stood one of Mrs. Marden. Then, of course, I remembered where I was. It was Agatha's boudoir.

But how came I there, and what did I want? A horrible sinking came to my heart. Had I been sent here on some devilish errand? Had that errand already been done? Surely it must, otherwise why should I be allowed to come back to consciousness? Oh, the agony of that moment! What had I done? I sprang to my feet in my despair, and as I did so a small glass bottle fell from my knees on to the carpet.

It was unbroken, and I picked it up. Outside was written "Sulphuric Acid, Fort." When I drew the round glass stopper a thick fume rose slowly up, and a pungent, choking smell pervaded the room. I recognized it as one which I kept for chemical testing in my chambers. But why had I brought a bottle of vitriol into Agatha's chamber? Was it not this thick reeking liquid with which jealous women had been known to mar the beauty of their rivals? My heart stood still as I held the bottle to the light. Thank God, it was full! No mischief had been done as yet. But had Agatha come in a minute sooner, was it not certain that the hellish parasite within me would have dashed the stuff on to her? Ah, it will not bear to be thought of. But it must have been for that. Why else should I have brought it? At the thought of what I might have done my worn nerves broke down, and I sat shivering and twitching, the pitiable wreck of a man.

It was the sound of Agatha's voice and the rustle of her dress which restored me. I looked up and saw her blue eyes, so full of tenderness and pity, gazing down at me.

"We must take you away to the country, Austin," she said. "You want rest and quiet. You look wretchedly ill."

"Oh, it is nothing," said I, trying to smile. "It was only a momentary weakness. I am all right again now."

"I am so sorry to keep you waiting. Poor boy, you must have been here for quite half an hour! The vicar was in the drawing-room, and as I knew that you did not care for him I thought it better that Jane should show you up here. I thought the man would never go."

"Thank God he staid!—thank God he staid!" I cried, hysterically.

"Why, what is the matter with you, Austin?" she asked, holding my arm as I staggered up from the chair. "Why are you glad that the vicar staid? And what is this little bottle in your hand?"

"Nothing," I cried, thrusting it into my pocket. "But I must go. I have something important to do."

"How stern you look, Austin. I have never seen your face like that. You are angry?"

"Yes, I am angry."

"But not with me?"

"No, no, my darling. You would not understand."

"But you have not told me why you came."

"I came to ask you whether you would always love me—no matter what I did or what shadow might fall on my name. Would you believe in me and trust me however black appearances might be against me?"

"You know that I would, Austin."

"Yes, I know that you would. What I do I shall do for you. I am driven to it. There is no other way out, my darling!" I kissed her and rushed from the room.

The time for indecision was at an end. As long as the creature threatened my own prospects and my honor there might be a question as to what I should do. But now when Agatha—my innocent Agatha—was endangered, my duty lay before me like a turnpike road. I had no weapon, but I never paused for that. What weapon should I need, when I felt every muscle quivering with the strength of a frenzied man? I ran through the streets so set upon what I had to do that I was only dimly conscious of the faces of friends whom I met—dimly conscious also that Professor Wilson met me, running with equal precipitance in the opposite direction. Breathless but resolute I reached the house and rang the bell. A white-cheeked maid opened the door, and turned whiter yet when she saw the face that looked in at her.

"Show me up at once to Miss Penclosa," I demanded.

"Sir," she gasped, "Miss Penclosa died this afternoon at half past three."

THE END.

KOREAN NOTES.

It is indeed an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the people of Korea must feel the truth of this old adage, for through the unpleasant circumstance of a war, their country has assumed an importance in the eyes of the civilized world which it would otherwise have taken centuries of progress to acquire. On the other hand, it can hardly be said that its present notoriety can be a source of unmixed pride to the soul of the Korean patriot. Its ephemeral importance comes not from within, but from the pressure of conflicting antagonisms which impinge upon it from without.

In the present struggle its personal predilections are completely ignored, and its King is relegated to the rôle of the whilom Vicar of Bray. Last year he was humbly thanking the Emperor of China for the privilege of existence, whilst this year, under superior diplomatic pressure, he is busily signing declarations of fealty to the Emperor of Japan, and is expressing fervent wishes for the discomfiture of his former suzerain. It is doubtful, however, whether his elastic loyalty will reap the reward of his priestly predecessor, and that he will be left in undisturbed possession of his inheritance. China has conclusively shown her inability to maintain the position of mentor to the Korean government, and the only other competitors for the post are Japan and Russia.

Japanese influence is at present predominant, and it is for the best interests of Korea and of the world that this condition should prevail.

Without wishing to offend Muscovite susceptibilities, I **must express the opinion that the influence of Japan wo be more civilizing than that of Russia, and, for geographi** considerations alone, the progress of Korea could be bet supervised by an enlightened and constitutional gove ment at Tokyo than by the edicts of a somewhat unp gressive autocrat dwelling at the opposite extremity of A

The annexation of Korea by Japan is not a necess though it is an impending probability, and the best inter of the peninsula could be equally secured if the Japan would follow the example of the English in Egypt, maintain the integrity of Korean independence, whilst re lutely excluding all foreign influence but their own.

Russia would undoubtedly find serious objections to this arrangement, but to any but the prejudiced observer it is obvious that her interest in Korea is more avaricious than philanthropic.

The claims of China have no longer to be considered. She has irrevocably lost Korea; and this being the case, she would probably consider any arrangement preferable to seeing her hated neighbors the Russians established in that country, and in a position to turn her flank.

In adjusting the arrangement which I have outlined Japan might require some moral and material support, and, as I endeavored to indicate in my previous article, England is, after Japan, the power most interested in the independence of Korea. An Anglo-Japanese alliance would be a linking together of the Great Britain of the West with the Great Britain of the far East, and the question of the command of the Pacific would be settled once and for all.

So much has been written lately descriptive of the climate, scenery, and curiosities of Korea that the public is probably surfeited with local color of the scene of hostilities, and I will therefore avoid a mere repetition of familiar facts.

Some of the most prominent characteristics of the people themselves have, however, been passed over in silence. The first of these is their extraordinary apathy. Nothing seems to excite either their astonishment or their intellectual interest.

Passing through Korean towns on market-days, I have found most of the merchants slumbering peacefully in the midst of their scanty wares, and surrounded by the rest of the population, also asleep, or listlessly smoking, and catching flies. Only the dogs and the vermin seem energetic.

Even cupidity seems a dormant passion amongst the Koreans, though the government officials are notable exceptions to this rule. Their countenances bear such an appearance of placid stupidity that one wonders if they even think. Possibly not, for until the present unpleasantness began there has really been nothing for them to think about. For centuries their country has been absolutely at a standstill; and in order to more effectually bar the ingress of any progressive ideas, the standing law of the land, until a few years back, ordained that all foreigners entering the country should be immediately put to death.

This beneficent and antiquarian legislation has had the effect of preserving the primitive manners and customs of the Koreans absolutely intact for thousands of years. Indeed, I believe one may still see in Korea a survival of the social conditions which prevailed at the time of the Flood. On this point I have a fantastic theory. Look at the accompanying photograph of a Korean gentleman in the universal dress of the country. Is not his costume a faithful reproduction of the traditional habiliments of Noah, as perpetuated in the "Noah's ark" of our nursery days; and may not this strange similarity be a historical survival of antediluvian sartorial fashion?

Another strongly marked Korean characteristic is a constitutional aversion to work in any form. The labor expended in the country is reduced to the minimum necessary to support life, and even that minimum is performed almost entirely by the women. There is no temptation to make money, because any surplus wealth is immediately appropriated by the nearest mandarin.

Another national characteristic is gross and unnatural immorality. The physical traces of this are only too apparent to a traveller in the country, and it is a curious problem for the physiologist to determine why this plague-spot should be developed only by the opposite extremes of unenlightened barbarism and the most effete and decadent civilization.

The first thing that strikes a visitor to a Korean village is the surprising subpopulation of dogs. Every house seems to possess a pack of these spiritless curs, which are a gray variety of the Chinese chow-dog. They display a more than passing interest in a European traveller, and a free use of one's stick is necessary to keep them at bay. On investigation one discovers that they form the staple article of diet of the population. Unlike most Asiatic races, the Koreans are meat-eaters; and these dogs, being always at hand, afford the necessary food with the minimum of exertion and expense. Another curious feature of the Korean diet is the total absence of tea, the almost universal beverage of eastern Asia.

Frequently one sees a Korean foraging for the evening meal. The method is simple, though unpleasant. He is armed with a short pole, to the end of which is attached a noose. This he throws over the head of the nearest dog, and then proceeds to screw the pole round till the noose tightens, and slowly throttles the dog, who is meanwhile prevented from getting to close quarters with its butcher by thrusts of the pole.

The country is much infested by the great long-coated Mongolian tiger. This magnificent animal, though a considerable source of revenue on account of its valuable skin, is nevertheless much dreaded by the natives. The photograph on another page shows a pig-sty in central Korea barricaded against these depredators. So serious are the ravages committed by them that the King was forced to organize a regiment of "Royal Tiger-Hunters," and these constitute the *corps d'élite* of the Korean army.

Travelling in Korea can hardly be described as luxurious. The Korean is not lavish of home comforts for himself, and he certainly provides a minimum of the same for the travelling foreigner. The average Korean hotel compares unfavorably with a modern pig-sty, and one has to sleep as best one can in the midst of surprising dirt, a colony of cattle and fowls, and other things which shall be nameless. The accompanying photograph of a Korean "Waldorf" calls up vivid memories of nights of unpleasantness, only mitigated by the kind offices of Keating.

The remaining photographs explain themselves, but special interest attaches perhaps to the view of Won-san (Gensan) Harbor. This is the celebrated "Port Lazareff," so eagerly coveted by Russia, and was also the starting-point of the eastern of the three Japanese columns in their recent masterly and brilliantly successful movement against Ping-Yang.

Arthur H. Lee, Captain R.A.

October 12, 1894.

THE LATE ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

In the late Robert C. Winthrop the best blood and the best culture of Massachusetts met. On one side his ancestors were Pierre Baudouin, the Huguenot refugee, and his grandson, James Bowdoin, the energetic Governor of Massachusetts. On the other there was a long line of distinguished ancestors, beginning with the noble John Winthrops, father and son, Governors respectively of Massachusetts and Connecticut, and branching out into men of note in every succeeding generation. Born in Boston in 1809, he grew to manhood surrounded by the highest and most fruitful culture which America has known—that which gave us Holmes, Sumner, Phillips, Motley, and many others. He was graduated from Harvard at the age of nineteen, standing third in a class of fifty-three members, and having obtained special distinction as an orator and a Latin scholar. He studied law in Webster's office, and in 1831 was admitted to the bar.

I.

Henry Clay was then the idol of the young Whigs, and Winthrop's first public speech was made in 1833 to welcome him to Boston. In 1834 he was elected to the Massachusetts House of Representatives, where he served until 1840, the last three years as Speaker. Then he became a member of Congress. In 1834 prejudice was running high against Catholicism; a Catholic convent in Charlestown "was besieged by a mob, sacked, pillaged, and burned." Winthrop showed the breadth of his Puritanism by devoting his first speech in the Legislature to an eloquent argument in favor of indemnification by the State.

Great conservatism characterized Winthrop's ten years' service in the House of Representatives. He never felt a pulsation of Massachusetts zeal or voiced its radical impulses. He was a man of peace, the most rigid of Whigs, and the first to offer a resolution in Congress in favor of international arbitration by a commission of civilians. He spoke with severe reason against South Carolina's practice of seizing free colored seamen from the North; and against the attempt of the South to suppress the right of petition he strongly protested, and foretold its failure. When the vulgar jingoism of the young Democrats touching the Oregon boundary was rife, Winthrop took a prominent and sober position against it, saying, "I spurn the notion that patriotism can only be manifested by plunging a nation into war, or that the love of one's country can only be measured by one's hatred of any other." He was little less than superstitious in his devotion to the protective tariff; he was opposed to lowering it, although "there is more money in the Treasury of the nation. . . . than its unscrupulous and corrupt extravagance will suffer it to squander.". . .

As soon as this conservatism came in contact with the question of slavery, Winthrop was subjected to a double fire. The questions connected with the extension of slavery in the Southwest were uppermost during this decade. Against the project to annex Texas he argued with great vigor; annexation by joint resolution, he said, would be "in violation of the Constitution, the laws, and rights of the States." But after annexation had been accomplished, and the shameless war against Mexico had begun, he accepted the event, as partisans are bound to, and voted for the Mexican war bill despite its false preamble. For this vote many of his constituents never forgave him. All efforts to explain it away were unavailing. The "Conscience" Whig of the North had been born, and the apologizing Whig soon found himself without a constituency in Massachusetts. But before this came about, Winthrop's easy superiority over the other members of the House, his eloquence, his dignity in debate, and, most of all, his impartiality and knowledge of parliamentary law, led to his selection as Speaker in 1847. In the next Congress the "Conscience" Whigs, after a contest of three weeks, prevented his re-election.

In 1850, when Webster left the Senate to become Secretary of State, Winthrop was appointed to fill the vacancy. Excepting Edward Everett, Massachusetts had no citizen more cultured than Winthrop. But she had now grown weary of too much polished talk of "peace," "union," and "mutual obligations" while the South dictated legislation and controlled the administration. And when, in 1851, Winthrop sought to be returned to the Senate, the Free-soilers and the Democrats combined against him and elected Charles Sumner as an independent.

Sumner was a man of vast learning and of impetuous courage, and both were already directed against slavery. Where Sumner was supported, Winthrop's politics could not be popular. This, Winthrop was one of the first to appreciate, and after being defeated as Whig candidate for the Governorship, he permanently retired from political life, and resolved to devote his remaining years to literary and charitable pursuits.

But his signal abilities and commanding presence forbade his complete retirement from politics. His voice was heard in almost every political campaign during the two successive decades. Winthrop was born a Whig and a conservative, and never changed. He was no more an admirer of slavery than was Wendell Phillips; but in one case the dislike showed itself only in aimless objection and deprecation, while in the other it became a smiting sword of fire. Some of the calmest Abolitionists sought to win him over to their cause, for his kind heart and deep moral nature were known to all; but it was all in vain. To him their heroic methods seemed to be merely so much madness. Even when Sumner was struck down he remained silent. While a single plank of the old Whig ship remained he clung to it with the sincerest affection, never dreaming that in both the Northern and the Southern radicalism there was the plainest logic. As late as September, 1860, he declared his opinions "unchanged and, I think, unchangeable," and when Slavery and Freedom were already warring with uncontrollable passion, he called, like a voice in the wilderness, for "national harmony." He deprecated war at almost any cost, and favored the forlorn and colorless Crittenden compromise; but after the firing upon Fort Sumter he no longer hesitated. His speech in October, 1861, on the presentation of a flag to the Twenty-second Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, was one of the most fervent and eloquent of his whole life. Still he had no heart for war, nor could he forgive the Republicans for refusing to compromise, and for continuing for freedom a struggle which was begun to defend the Union. Consequently he gave his full support to McClellan, and subsequently to Andrew Johnson.

II.

Robert C. Winthrop, the Whig statesman, belonged to the *ante bellum* period, and his dignified conservatism has been dwelt upon not only because it was one of the chief traits of his character, but also because it was typical of many of the most sincere men of that time. His political ideas were in the main neither original nor especially wise, and in expounding them he showed no extraordinary ability. He was too cultured and too cold to be a great debater. However, as a statesman he inspires us with respect on account of his learning and the grand purity and serenity of his life; but it is only as an orator, scholar, and quiet philanthropist that he fills us with great admiration; for these were the occupations most congenial to his nature.

He was a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society for over half a century, and its president for thirty years. At almost every monthly meeting, year after year, and decade after decade, he interested all who could hear or read his eloquent tributes to the memory of famous men in almost every branch of learning, from Shakespeare to Agassiz; he spoke with equal charm on historical manuscripts, on art, literature, European travel, historical churches and landmarks, libraries, and on the portraits of Hampden and Lafayette. A large part of the best years of his life was devoted to historical work and to enriching the treasures of his society. His *Life and Letters of John Winthrop* is in two volumes, and all his other literary work is contained in the four large volumes of *Addresses and Speeches*.

His deep æsthetic and religious nature caused him to devote much of his time to questions of art, charity, the dissemination of Biblical knowledge, and to popular education. For nearly a quarter of a century before his death he was an active member of the Board of Trustees of the great Peabody fund for Southern education.

It is, however, as orator that Winthrop's fame will be most lasting. The extent of the fame of the orator is quite as much dependent upon the occasion of the eloquence as upon its quality. Webster's oratory, above all other in America, will be famous longest not only because its scope extended from the tenderest pathos to the grandest logic, but quite as much because it was displayed on a vast number of important occasions, commemorative of the lives of statesmen or critical in the history of his country. Phillips can never be forgotten because it was his unerring and poison-pointed shafts that won many of the earliest and most decisive battles for abolition. Sumner's intense but deliberate oratory will always be a part of our political history, because it was the truest exponent of the struggle for freedom waged in the United States Congress. Edward Everett, probably the most classic and finished of our orators, sought calm educational occasions rather than political contests, and his great fame did not long survive him, though many of his patriotic addresses are of the highest order. Robert C. Winthrop was essentially a commemorative orator, and few, if any, Americans have had such grand opportunities for eloquence of this nature. As far back as 1839 he made a long address on "The Pilgrim Fathers" in New York city. His last elaborate oration was prepared (its delivery in person was prevented by temporary illness) for the occasion of the completion of the Washington Monument, in February, 1885. During these forty-six years he was the orator of the day on very many similar occasions, such as the laying of the corner-stone of the Washington Monument, 1848; the unveiling of a statue to Franklin in Boston, 1856; the two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, 1870; the Boston Centennial of July 4, 1876; the unveiling of a statue to Colonel Prescott on Bunker Hill, 1881; and the Yorktown Centennial, 1881.

Both in training and in temperament Winthrop was well suited to efforts of this character. Unfortunately his nature was cold, and consequently he was rarely able to submerge both himself and his hearers in his theme — forget them and remember it. Winthrop's ideas were always judicious; his style was stately and often highly rhetorical. Pathos and humor were almost unknown to it. Where Webster would have made a grand poetical figure, or Phillips have sparkled with wit or stung with an epigram, Winthrop quoted from the ancient classics.

Winthrop's manner, like his diction, was cold, dignified, very graceful, and classical. His presence was most pleasing—an elegant physique, a fine head, a face beaming with purity and intelligence. Frederic Bancroft.

MR. PETERS ON THANKSGIVING.

Another year has passed us by, Thanksgivin' day has come,
An' while I'm sad o'er many things, I'm thankful over some.
It sorter broke me up to hear his Roily Highness' yacht
Had took the *Vigilant* an' beat her easier 'n not;

But then it sort o' eased my mind to think that, after all,
We hadn't changed our record much—we've allers had the call
At chasin' Britishers around when there was suthin' up
A great sight more important than a pewter mug or cup.

I wasn't overcome with pride, along about July,
When foreign-made Americans, out there in Illiny,
Got kickin' up a nasty row, a-tryin' for to show
That rule o' mob was just the thing, and law would have to go;

But then again that had its side that sort o' made me glad,
When Grover upped an' spanked 'em like he would a sassy lad.
It took a riot just like that to show the folks that jeer
That we kin handle mobs because we've got a gov'ment here.

An' then, ye know, o' course, that I'm a rock-ribbed Democrat,
An' like the rest I'm askin', sorter dazed, "where we are at?"
It ain't much cause for thankfulness to git oneself knocked out,
Unless ye look inside an' see what brought the thing about.

An' when I do that thing I'm glad and thankful, for I see
We Democrats have thrashed ourselves, and won a victory.
We've taken up the leaders that were bad, each single scamp,
And drummed 'em, yes, we've drummed 'em, we have drummed 'em out o' camp.

And while, o' course, we're nervous an' a-trembly in our knees,
We'll soon get o'er the wobbles an' be chipper as you please,
And we'd ought all to be thankful that we got into this fix,
Since it leaves us with no traitors to our cause for '96.

John Kendrick Bangs.

THE LATE JAMES McCOSH, D.D., LL.D.,

EX-PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON COLLEGE.

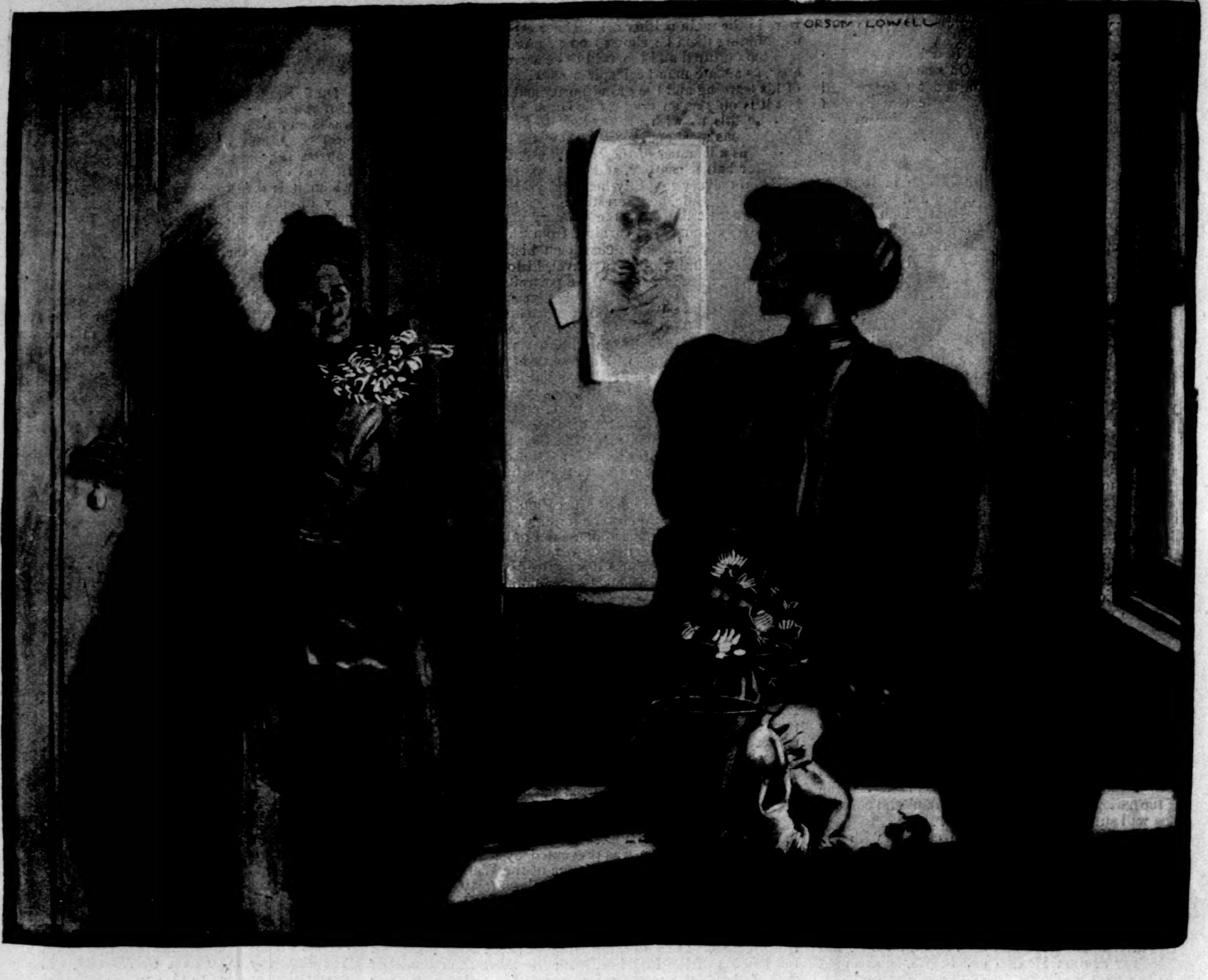
Dr. James McCosh, ex-President of Princeton College, who died at Princeton, New Jersey, on Friday, November 16th, was one of the most striking figures in academic and literary circles. A man of fine physique, of superb presence and impressive personality, he left his imprint on all he touched. He was one of the few men of his time with reference to whom it is safe to say that he was a great man. Critics may discuss his philosophical views, question the permanence of his academic policy, or find fault with this or that element of his large and consistent attitude to all public questions, but the man himself will remain a vital influence, strong, aggressive, pervading, so long as the men he moulded and the college he developed continue as influential factors in American life. It is difficult for one who was a student of his, and after his student days in frequent and close relation with Dr. McCosh, to speak of him without enthusiasm. He was not a man who courted approval or conciliated opposition. His personality was far too aggressive for that. He was rather one who compelled admiration by the freedom and outspoken vigor with which he gave expression to himself without the affectation of a diffidence which he did not feel or the desire to trim between two opinions.

Such a nature must always command the cordial support of some and invite the dissent of others according as it is estimated as self-reliant or egotistic, and Dr. McCosh did not escape the criticism nor miss the confidence of men. But the attitude in which he stood to the students, his fearless and affectionate policy towards them, the breadth and success of his plans for the college, and the serene simplicity of his private life made the balance in favor of those who reposed in him the highest confidence overwhelming.

Born in Carskeoch, Ayrshire, April 1, 1811, he was a typical Scotsman. The son of a well-to-do farmer, he was well taught as a boy, and at the age of thirteen sent to Glasgow to the university to study with a view to the ministry. In 1829 he removed to Edinburgh, where he pursued his studies for five years more, and fell under the dominant influence of Dr. Chalmers, of whom he always spoke with peculiar love and reverence. At the close of this period the "Stoic Philosophy" was given out as a subject for a prize essay, and he purposed competing for it, but was prevented by a protracted illness. He decided, however, to send in his partly finished essay, merely as an evidence of the work he had done. The examiners were much struck by this fragment, recommended him to university notice, and laid for him the first stone in his philosophical career. He turned to the ministry with zeal in 1834, was ordained as pastor at Arbroath in 1835, and transferred to Brechin in 1839—a large and influential field. He gave up his post and went out with the loyal and devoted men who led the Free-Church movement in 1843, and struggled in missionary fields for a number of years. In the intervals of pastoral work he had carried on his philosophical studies, and in 1850 published *The Method of the Divine Government*, which won prompt recognition, and led to his appointment to the chair of Logic and Metaphysics in the Queen's College, Belfast. His appointment called forth some Irish criticism on the ground of his nationality, and gave occasion for Thackeray's ballad "The Last Irish Grievance," in which he ridicules the opposition. He remained at Belfast sixteen years, during which he made a great impression as a teacher, and won an assured position as a metaphysician, especially by his work on *The Intuitions of the Mind*, published in 1860. He left Belfast in 1868 to become President of Princeton College, and it is as President of Princeton that he will be longest remembered.

I made my first visit to Princeton in the fall of 1868, just at the time of Dr. McCosh's arrival. Though only a boy, the impression made on my mind by the campus and the buildings has remained distinct after more than five-and-twenty years. The narrow front, the irregular grounds, the plain and unpretentious buildings—few, and, except for the old-world dignity of "Nassau Hall," almost mean in their hardness of line—all produced a far different effect from that to be seen twenty years later, when the campus had spread itself on every hand, when buildings of architectural beauty had sprung up, and a general impression of roominess and warmth had found its way into the once cramped and cold precincts of the college. The physical aspect was typical of the spiritual change. The college had 17 professors in 1868, and 41 in 1888; it had 264 students in 1868, and 603 in 1888; the curriculum was hard and narrow in 1868, and in 1888 it had expanded with a frank acceptance of the newer phases of modern science, but with a conservative grasp upon the duty of the college as a teaching institution; indeed, the growth of the college was more clearly to be seen in a comparison of the catalogues of 1868 and 1888 than of the grounds and buildings in those years. This work was not solely due to one man. He had noble support in the faculty and the board of trustees, and beyond them in the noble men and women who gave the means to carry out the plans that were formulated. But he was the head, he was the organizer, his was the foreseeing eye, the shaping hand, the wide sympathies that included growth in philosophy, science, and art in one general plan with a larger physical training and a loyal adherence to the sturdy, unsectarian, evangelical Christianity which is synonymous with the name of Princeton.

In 1888, after much urgency on his part, the trustees accepted his resignation, and he retired to pass his remaining years in the autumn twilight of a beloved and venerated age. He retained a professorship, which soon became nominal, under the splendid administration of his able successor, and continued to produce, even so late as 1892, an occasional philosophical paper. But from the time of his retirement from the presidency his friends have watched with solicitude the growing feebleness in his step, the increasing stoop in the broad shoulders, and the good gray head ever bending lower and lower as he walked. At last, from no disease, worn out with the uses of life, the strong frame yielded to the waste of time and toil. There is no room in so brief a sketch as this to catalogue his works or to enumerate the honors that came to him from many sources. He received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Aberdeen in 1850, and from Harvard and Washington-Jefferson in 1868; that of S.T.D. from Brown in 1868; and that of Litt.D. from Belfast. He served on many committees civil and ecclesiastical, was often a member of important bodies both in this country and Europe, and in everything was indefatigable. When the end came it was but the close of a life spent to the last drop in faithful service. Ethelbert D. Warfield.



A PELICAN OF THE WILDERNESS.

A Thanksgiving Story.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"HAIN'T you got no own folks nowheres?" asked old Mrs. Jellison, who lived in the flat above, with her accustomed overflow of kindliness and negatives. "Well, you be a pelican of the wilderness and an owl of the desert! Thanksgivin'-time, too. I wish't 'twa'n't so that we was goin' out to Macedony Junction to his folks."

Abby turned her trim red geranium towards the sun, and wiped off all her flower-pots for the second time. It was the day before Thanksgiving, and she had come home earlier than usual from the manufactory, where she was a forewoman. She was a small woman, as neat and trim as her red geranium; her features were rugged, her black hair was straight and harsh, and there was a faint suspicion of a mustache above her strong white teeth; her eyes were beautiful, clear, and limpid gray, with yellow lights, and long-lashed like a child's, and in the strong chin there was a contradictory dimple.

"I've got folks—a married sister—down to East Orland," she said, suddenly, as if with an effort, and keeping her face turned to the window.

"You don't say!" exclaimed old Mrs. Jellison; she was laden with Thanksgiving budgets, but she paused, with her hand on the door-knob. "It's six years come spring that we've lived right in the same house, with shif'less movin'-rounders comin' and goin', and I've got to feel a real nearness, and yet you hain't never mentioned to me that you had a sister!" Old Mrs. Jellison's voice was thick with reproach.

"I hain't mentioned her to anybody for most twenty years," said Abby. "I don't know how I come to now. There was—circumstances."

"Oh!" said old Mrs. Jellison, and there was a silence which seemed charged with her eager anticipation.

But Abby busied herself about her flower-pots without any further explanation. She was not given to confidences; no one except old Mrs. Jellison had ever "felt a nearness" to her since she left East Orland.

After a while Mrs. Jellison shut the door—a little sharply. In the dark entry she waited, hoping that Abby's tardy repentance would open the door; that hope failing, she turned and opened it herself. After all, it was only Abby Foster, she said to herself, and she wa'n't a-goin' to cut off her nose to spite her face. "D'you say she was married?" she asked.

"Yes; she—she married real well," Abby answered, the more readily that the abrupt shutting of the door had made her feel as if she had given offence. "I hain't heard from her but once sence I left home. I hain't been in the way of hearing from there. I've been kind of a crew by myself. I expect I'm that way naturally."

"You ain't no such a thing!" said the cordial and expectant Mrs. Jellison.

"She was real well and prosperous then, and had a family; she's five years younger'n I am; she ain't forty yet, but she's got grown-up children—if they're livin'." There was a quiver in Abby's voice.

"I should most think you'd want to know," said Mrs. Jellison, tentatively.

"I did—for a spell; but one day after another comin' and goin' monotonous wears the aidge off of longin'. I don't know whether 'twas that sick spell I had last summer, when I didn't know as ever I should get well, or Mahaly Downs's dyin' so sudden standin' right next to me at the cutter, or what the minister preached last Sunday about Thanksgivin' reunions—'twas a real movin' discourse—but seems 's if something had set me to thinkin' more'n common about Amandy."

"I don't see what could 'a' kep' you apart, two sisters, so—and you was all there was, wa'n't you?" asked the neighbor, with a thinly disguised curiosity that was yet not without its touch of sympathy.

"We was all there was." Abby's constrained voice threatened to break. "When Uncle Phillups died, Aunt Lucrestry took Amandy home with her and kep' her three years. When she come home she was pink-and-white complected and real stylish, and could play on the piano. I'd been workin' hard, takin' care of father and mother, and tailorin' and—and I never was much to look at. Amandy she—she got married right away; she married Absalom Pritchard, that was keepin' company with me."

"My land! I don't wonder that you couldn't never forgive her," said old Mrs. Jellison, sympathetically.

"I always forgave her," said Abby. "I never bore 'em a grudge, either one of 'em. But I was one that took things hard, and I come away. I never wrote. At first it seemed as if to get away off from everybody was the only way I could live, and Amandy she wa'n't the kind that sets by own folks like some. I knew she was well off; Absalom Pritchard's father was the forehandedest man in Orland, and Absalom was an only child."

"If I was you I'd start right up and go down to Orland, and see my sister 'n' her folks," said old Mrs. Jellison, emphatically. "There's a comfort in own folks, and seein' you don't bear 'em no grudge—and, land sakes! I shouldn't wonder if you hadn't no need to. Men folks is a trial, say what you will. Enoch is a real good man, as men go, and a good provider, but what with his gettin' so het up about politics that my folks don't darst to come near the house, and wantin' mince pies stiddy, summer 'n' winter, 'n' not knowin' how to save more'n a baby, and—and we a-buryin' every one of our children, I often think I'd live single if I had it to do over again."

"Married folks are apt to say that. I don't know," said the old maid, a little absently. "I don't know what has set me to fussin' about Amandy," she added, more cheerfully. "I couldn't get down to Orland anyhow; it's a hundred miles from here, and I couldn't get back to work Monday morning."

Abby was evidently relieved, on the whole, that she couldn't go to East Orland. She sat down to her solitary tea with a comfortable sense of having settled again into her old groove of life; Amandy and the faithless lover had slipped back under that pall of oblivion of Time's merciful, noiseless weaving.

"I've enjoyed my tea, and I feel most as if Thanksgivin' was over," she said to herself. "I don't know how I came to give way and talk so free to Mis' Jellison. I never did before, and I never will again."

It was at that moment that the electric bell at the door of her small suite gave a faint palpitating tinkle. It was probably old Mrs. Jellison, and Abby reclothed herself in dignified reserve before she opened the door.

It was not old Mrs. Jellison. The light was dim, and for one agitated fanciful moment Abby thought it was the ghost of her youth; the next moment she had given herself a little shake, and said "Come in" to a hesitating bashful-looking girl, evidently from the country—a girl with rugged features and gray eyes, and a tiny dimple in an uncompromising chin.

"I'm Abby Pritchard," she said, hesitatingly. "Mother is sitting on the stairs with the twins; she wants to know if she shall come up."

"Come up? Why, Amandy! Amandy! of course!" faltered Abby, trembling in every limb.

The girl smiled, with a relieved expression and more dimples, and called "Mother," joyfully, over the banisters.

Abby felt vaguely that there was some mysterious connection between her longing for Amanda and her coming; and yet, had she not longed each Thanksgiving day—Thanksgiving was an especial festival in East Orland—for twenty years, and she had not come? The only difference was that this year she had been moved to speak her longing.

A gaunt worn woman, painfully expressive of having been inadequate to the struggle of life, toiled wearily up the stairs. Abby looked beyond her, in a bewildered way, but there were only two boys behind, roughly clad, but laboriously brushed and patched.

"Amandy! Amandy!" repeated Abby, still in a state of bewilderment.

"I don't wonder you think 'tain't me," said the woman, bitterly. "My teeth, too!"—she put an ungloved toil-hardened hand hastily over her mouth. "I was goin' to have new ones; that was what I come to the city for."

It was so like Amandy to think only of her looks, when they had not met for twenty years. But Abby forgot in pity the little depressing chill it gave her.

"*He* went and got drunk again, and spent the money, but I was bound I'd come, after I'd got ready, and I did."

Abby shrank into herself; it seemed like a bad dream.

"Mother! mother!" remonstrated the girl, with a painful blush.

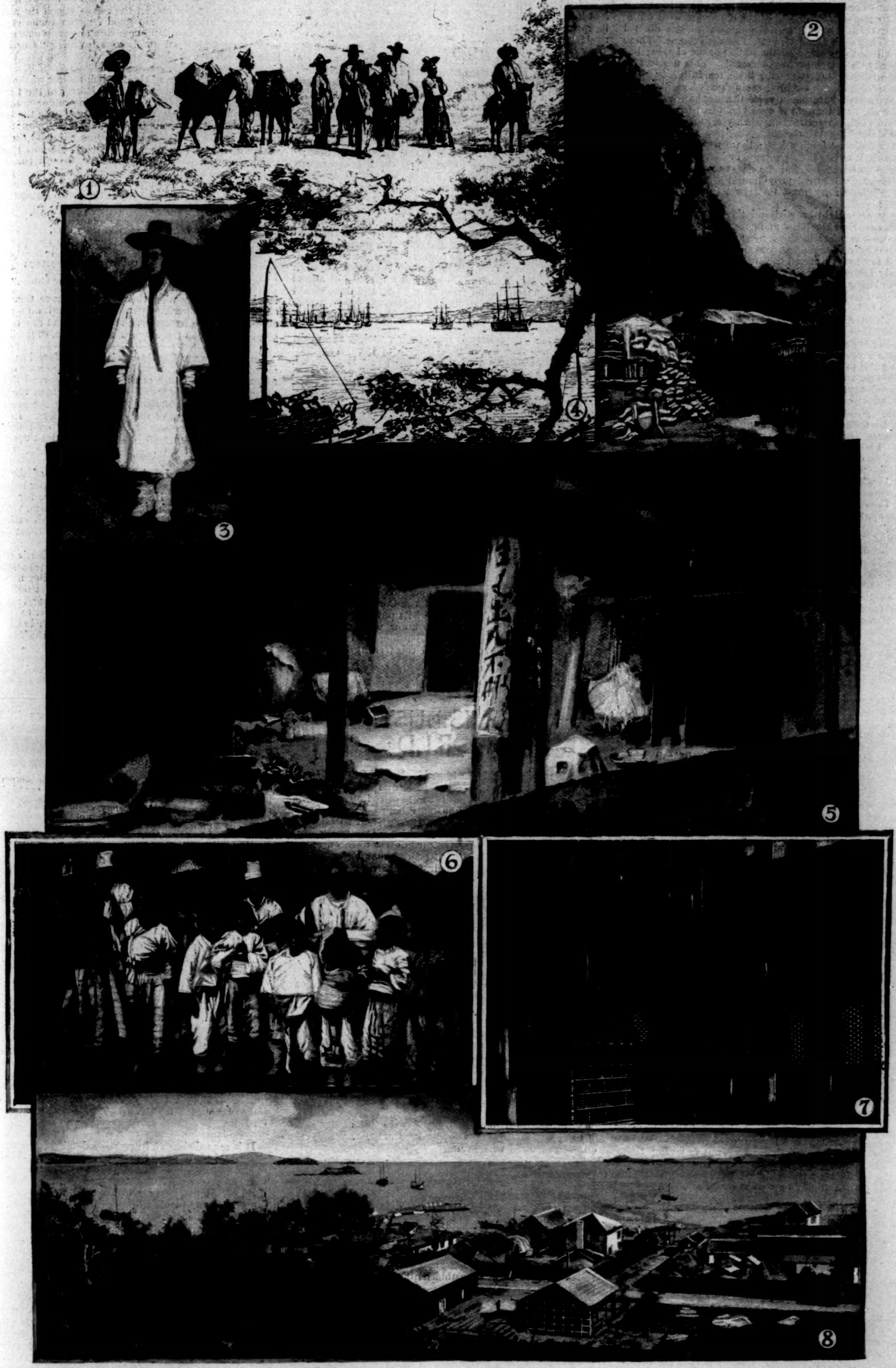
"Land sakes! she's Abby; 'n' if I can't tell my own folks what I have to stan'—"

Abby put the tired woman into a comfortable arm-chair, and took off her hat and shawl. Tears struggled out of the sunken eyes and rolled down the hollow cheeks.

"How snug 'n' comfortable you be! You're five years older 'n I am, Abby, 'n' you look more'n that younger. You've got reason to be thankful to me, Abby Foster! You can live easy 'n' comfortable, with nobody to do for but yourself; 'n' I expect you've got considerable in the bank."

Then followed in extreme detail an account of hardship and poverty; of the neglect and abuse of her husband. Abby looked with a warning gesture at the boys; it seemed to her horrible that they should hear this. But they sat on the edge of a lounge and gazed absently and indifferently about them; it was evident that many repetitions had caused the woful tale to fall upon unheeding ears. The girl interposed now and then a gentle remonstrance, like the chip with which a child tries to stop the course of a turbulent brook.

"*He* was over to Taugus, to the Inebri't's Home; and Reub—he's my oldest boy, 'n' he works a spell here 'n' a spell there, wherever he can get work—he 'n' Abby saved up



IN AND ABOUT KOREA.—DRAWINGS BY C. D. GRAVES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 1134.]

1. Travelling in Korea under Escort. 2. Pig-Sty barricaded against Tigers (Central Korea). 3. A Korean Gentleman. 4. British Fleet in Fu-San Harbor. 5. Interior of Korean Hotel. 6. A Group of Koreans. Their first Sight of a Foreigner and of a Camera. 7. Interior of King's Audience-Hall, Seoul, showing Throne. 8. Won-San (Gen-San) Harbor from the Japanese Settlement.

enough for my teeth 'n' the twins some new suits, 'n' he"—never by any chance had Absalom Pritchard's wife spoken of him by name—"*he* got hold of the money 'n' went off 'n' got drunk on it." This was the climax of the doleful story. "They took him back to the Inebri't's Home. There we was, without no money for the teeth nor the clothes; but I'd got ready, 'n' I was bound to come!" This too was so like Amandy that Abby smiled a little, tearfully. "I said we'd come 'n' find Aunt Abby, seein' 'twas Thanksgivin'-time." Amandy's thin harsh voice threatened for the first time to break. "I thought if ever you'd had hard feelin's, you couldn't help forgettin' 'em when you knew how things had turned out."

Abby joyfully set forth a feast; there were canned goodies on the shelf of her little pantry which she had treasured with vague anticipations, and she always provided Thanksgiving cheer. "It's real providential that I always felt 'twas a religious duty 'most to have a turkey," she murmured to herself.

Amandy grew light-hearted and the boys hilarious; the girl had a care over the boys' manners, and constantly made the little useless effort to check her mother's confidences.

"She takes responsibility jest like me," thought her aunt, and her heart warmed towards her.

Amandy followed her sister into her bedroom that night, carefully closing the door into the other little bedroom which she was to share with her daughter. It was evident that there were to be still further confidences.

"It's about Abby," whispered the girl's mother. "I'm most worried to pieces, 'n' I want you to see what you can do with her. Frank Gridley's been courtin' her stiddy now for more'n a year, 'n' she's bound she'll have him. Abby, I can't stan' it to have her go through what I have, nohow." The mother's voice rose strained and high with anxiety. "She's real capable, 'n' she could do for herself; 'n' there ain't no misery on earth like bein' tied to an incapable, shif'less man. No, Frank don't drink yet, but there was his uncle, 'Lias Gridley, that drank himself onto the town; and the Cobbetts, his mother's folks, are all shif'less 'n' good for nothin'. I want you should talk to Abby; she can see how well you've done for yourself, 'n' it 'll have an influence over her."

"I'll do what I can," said Abby, "but it's dreadful hard to make young folks see what is best for 'em."

"She's got real good sense about most things, Abby has," said the mother. "She takes more after you 'n she does after me."

Thanksgiving day was almost as happy as if no carking care lurked beneath the surface of things. Amandy grew as riotously gay as the boys, and manifested keen interest in the fashions. The old maid and her namesake took sweet counsel together on practical and domestic affairs.

"Own folks are a sight of comfort," said Abby Foster.

She insisted upon furnishing the funds for the new teeth and the twins' clothes. It was not Amandy but her daughter who demurred.

"Mother's is pride most worn out, and no wonder," said the girl, "but mine isn't, and I'm going to pay you every cent."

Amandy had never had any pride, and they both knew it; but Abby loved the girl the more for her loyal little pretence.

"Hain't you never said a word to her about Frank Gridley, for all you've had so much privacy together?" asked Amandy, reproachfully, when she shut the bedroom door for a little private interview, when they were ready to leave for home.

"It has seemed real hard to get 'round to it," said Abby, apologetically. "She's one that kind of keeps herself to herself, and you don't like to meddle. I thought mebbe I could say it better in writin'—or mebbe she can come with you when it's time to have your teeth in." She spoke in a nervous and faltering way that was unusual with her.

"I guess you'd better write it," said the mother, after a moment's reflection. "I'm real disappointed that you hain't spoke. You see, you hain't got a realizin' sense of the resk; you can't have. But, after all, mebbe writin' will be better. You can make it real strong; you used to be consid'able of a scholar, 'n' you'll know how. Make her see that there ain't no sense in throwin' her life away!"

Abby sat up night after night trying to compose the letter; she thought of it day after day in the work-room and while she ate her solitary meals. When at last it was sent, it was filled with practical and domestic affairs, such as she and her niece had talked about, with bits of cheerful news and home-spun philosophy. At the very last Abby wrote:

"Your mother told me about your heart bein' set on a young man, and she wanted me to advise you not to have him, being afraid you'd have a sight of trouble, as married folks often do. I hain't had the experience of some, as you know, and so I don't know as I'm competent to advise. But I've thought things all over, and I've fit and wrastled for leadings, and all the advice I can find it in my heart to give you is this: You take the love—*and the resk!*"

MR. WILLIAM T. WALTERS.

Mr. William T. Walters, the owner of one of the finest private art-collections in the world died on Thursday morning, November 22d, at his home, No. 5 West Mt. Vernon Place, Baltimore. Although he was not enjoying robust health, the news of his death came with strange suddenness upon the community whose interests, especially in art and literature, he had done so much to advance. It was only a few weeks ago that he was elected President of the Peabody Institute, the most important institution of its kind in the South, and much was expected for its affairs from his interest and experience.

Mr. Walters came of a Scotch-Irish ancestry. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1820. He received a thorough education in the Philadelphia schools, and when a young man was placed in charge of a smelting establishment in Lycoming County, Pennsylvania, in which, under his management, was produced the first iron ever made with mineral coal in the United States. When twenty-one years old he went to Baltimore and engaged in general business. He was successful, and was president of the first steamship line established between Baltimore and Savannah.

A characteristic story of Mr. Walters is that the first five dollars he ever earned was spent for a picture. From his young days he was passionately devoted to art. When he established himself in Baltimore he spent a part of his first year's profit for the best pictures he could find, and for more than fifty years he followed this plan. He went to Europe in 1861, and during the five years he remained there became acquainted with the artists who were making their reputations. He purchased to the extent of his ability, and some of the pictures he obtained soon became immensely valuable. It was he who assisted Rinehart, the Frederick County marble-cutter, who became the greatest sculptor of his day. Not long before his death Mr. Walters was interviewed, and he spoke as follows of his gallery: "The collection has been made by me personally. I spent forty years in doing it. They have been to me very agreeable years, as they brought me in contact with much that is beautiful and ennobling, and gained for me the friendship of distinguished artists. I have visited every international art-exhibition for thirty years, and have done all in my power in a practical way to promote the growth of art in this country."

Mr. Walters's collection has been often described. Many articles concerning it have been published in Harper's Monthly and other periodicals. It is a part of his late residence, No. 5 West Mt. Vernon Place, Baltimore's beautiful square, in the centre of which is the first monument erected to George Washington, and the side of which—that which the Walters house confronts—is enriched by the Barye bronzes presented to the city by Mr. Walters. On certain days in every year Mr. Walters threw his gallery open for the benefit of the Poor Association, and every cent of the proceeds went to that society. Since 1884 the total receipts have been more than $30,000. On these days people came from all parts of the country to see the superb collection. On other days people gained admission through the favor of Mr. Walters. Sometimes a car-load of artists and art-lovers would come from New York, and there would be a day of rare delight ending in a glorious dinner, where every cup and every saucer and every piece of china represented a small fortune.

In no American gallery is there such a variety as in this. Here you will find the original sketch of the "Angelus," and several of Millet's originals; Delaroche's "Hemicycle"; Gérôme's "The Duel after the Masquerade" (the French government offered Mr. Walters $75,000 for these two pictures); Delacroix's "Christ on the Cross"; Meissonier's "1814"; Corot's "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian"; Tadema's "Sappho" and "The Triumph of Titus and Claudius," and other works; De Neuville's "Attack at Dawn"; Troyon's famous cattle and landscapes; four portraits by Bonnat; Turner's "Venice"; several of Knaus's best efforts; Bouveret's "Accident," so realistic that people have fainted before it; Daubigny's "Twilight"; Baron Leys's "Edict of Charles V."; and notable works of Meissonier, Schreyer, Müller, Couture, Vibert, Detaille, Van Marcke, Bréton, Ziem, Cabanel, Boughton, Rousseau, Villegas, Gallait, Dupré, Church, Fromentin, Henner, and many others. Altogether there are three hundred paintings, representing all countries and all schools. In porcelains and ceramics and curios, the Walters collection is said to be the finest in the world.

Mr. Walters was Art-Commissioner from the United States to the Paris Exposition in 1867, to the Vienna Exposition in 1873, and again to the Paris Exposition in 1878. He was one of the permanent trustees of the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, and was chairman of its purchasing committee. There is a general desire to know what will become of his collections, and the city of Baltimore is very anxious that it shall be kept there; but at this writing the will has not been made public.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Unless his books belie him, Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton is entitled to the respect that is due to a person who gets out of life about all that it has to offer him. Mr. Hamerton must have been an unusually happy man. All sane delights that he could reach he grasped, and so far as he could he taught others to do the same. One learns in his books what sort of things it is pleasantest to think of, and how to set about the important task of making one's intellectual faculties contribute their full share to one's happiness.

Mr. John Walter, chief owner of the London *Times*, who died on November 3d, inherited a prosperous newspaper from his father and passes it on to his sons. The first John Walter founded the paper in 1788; but it was not he, but his son who really won its success. The second John Walter inherited the paper in 1810, and kept it until 1847. At that time, when the third Walter came into the property, the famous John Delane was its editor, and the owner had only a limited influence in the political management of the paper until Delane let go. After that Mr. Walter was the responsible head of the *Times*, and as such had to shoulder the blame and pocket the loss of the Thunderer's unlucky attack on Parnell. For more than twenty years he was a member of Parliament. He built himself a great house in Berkshire, raised a family, and lived to be seventy-six years old, illustrating in many particulars how very convenient and advantageous a thing it is to have a newspaper in one's family.

Allusion was made the other day in this corner of the Weekly to a newspaper report in which Mr. W. D. Howells was credited with saying

> "I do not go to church because the sermons I am likely to hear make me antagonistic. I feel that I want to get right up in my seat and refute, then and there, many of the dogmas and arguments of the so-called Christian life."

Inasmuch as these remarks have lately been the cause of much comment, in the religious press more especially, Mr. Howells desires the Weekly to state that he has no recollection of saying the things attributed to him. He does not understand how the "so-called Christian life" could have "dogmas" or "arguments," and he is very sure that what he calls "the bumptious rubbish quoted" does not represent any thinking or feeling of his.

It is matter for patriotic regret that the word "smart" threatens to lose some of its American significance on account of its increasing use in its British sense. American "smart" means keen and quick-witted, and, in a derogatory sense, implies keenness and quickness of the wits at the cost of true discernment. English "smart" means bright and fashionable, and conveys an idea of good clothes and glittering externals. Accordingly, British "smart" is a most convenient word to use in describing horse shows, and the people who show themselves at them, and events of high fashion generally, where the appointments are modish and the people "well-groomed"; but American "smart" is a convenient word too, and has come to have a significance that is too valuable to be lost. The "smart Alecks" and "smart politicians" and "smart boys" cannot spare their qualifying adjective. If there is not enough of the word to cover them and the swells too, let the swells attach themselves to some other adjective. No good American who values the resources of his own language should connive at making a useful American word ambiguous by using "smart" in its British meaning.

It is recalled in one of the English notices of the late Mr. Froude that in his address as Lord Rector of the University of St. Andrews in 1869 he made some rather notable allusions to the insincerity which he thought was the besetting sin of clergymen of all denominations. About the same time his wife's brother-in-law, Charles Kingsley, in his farewell address on resigning the chair of Modern History at Cambridge, denounced historians for their partisanship, inaccuracy, and habitual misrepresentation. The opportunity was improved by a contemporary wit (tradition says it was the present Bishop of Oxford) in these two stanzas:

> "While Froude assures the Scottish youth
> That parsons do not care for truth,
> The Reverend Canon Kingsley cries,
> 'All history's a pack of lies!'
>
> "What cause for judgment so malign?
> A little thought may solve the mystery;
> For Froude thinks Kingsley a divine,
> And Kingsley goes to Froude for history."

Readers who remember these verses or have them in their scrap-books will perhaps pardon their repetition for the benefit of others less fortunate. It is a pity that any one, for no greater fault than mere youth, should miss so good a hit.

Samuel Rawson Gardiner, who is mentioned as the probable successor of Mr. Froude as Regius Professor of History at Oxford, is the editor of the *English Historical Review* and the author of a History of England, of which the fourteen volumes thus far published extend from the accession of James I. to the end of the civil war in 1648. He has not the renown of Freeman or Froude, but is conceded to be a careful investigator who has let in new light upon the periods he has dealt with.

Mr. Smalley, the London correspondent of the *Tribune*, has a remarkable faculty of writing interesting letters about interesting people. He has the sort of eye for folks that some gifted naturalists have had for "critters." His communications about Mr. Froude have been so satisfying to readers as to suggest that he may be the fittest person to write Mr. Froude's biography.

Does every one know that the *Evening Post's* occasional allusion to Mr. Smalley as a Norfolk squire conveys an imputation that is purely fabulous? Mr. Smalley lives in London, and is not a squire at all, his honorary title being due to the circumstance that Norfolk is a strong Tory county, and that the Norfolk squires are understood to be the bigotedest Conservatives alive. Persons of advanced years who can remember back to the time when the *Post* first began its joke with Mr. Smalley may jeer at this explanation, but younger readers (of the *Post*), who have never known Mr. Smalley by any other title than "Squire," may be sincerely relieved to know that he is not an appendage to the soil of England, but only an observing exile.

"What made the success of 'The Autocrat'?" asks the London *Times*, and answers, "Probably the fact that, although the world at large did not know it, it was the exact, the photographic expression of a gift that Holmes had in an exceptional measure—the gift of surprising by brilliant talk." It adds:

> "Those English people who only saw him in 1886 can hardly have an idea of what this gift was when he was in his prime. His talk was not anecdotic, still less was it declamatory, or the scintillation of prepared epigrams. It was the inexhaustible flow of a quaint and subtle fancy, making itself prevail through the author's infectious gayety. 'The Autocrat' has lived for nearly forty years, and it will live for very many more. Not so, perhaps, with Wendell Holmes's verse, which fills three volumes of the collected edition of his works; only here and there, and in some of the broadly humorous pieces, did he achieve a form perfect enough to make his rhymes endure. As a talker, as a prose writer, he was unique; as a poet he was overshadowed by Lowell."

It will gratify the true friends of Engineer James Root, the hero of the Hinckley forest fires, to read in the St. Paul *Globe* that he has retired from the stage in New York and gone back to Minnesota. Mr. Root expects to return presently to the duties of his old vocation as engineer on the St. Paul and Duluth Railroad. He is too old, he says, to take up acting, which does not suit him, though the salary offered him by the Bowery manager seemed too large for him to refuse.

"R. L. B.," who writes from Boston to the *Evening Post*, denies the current story that there is an A.P.A. movement against the postmistress at Auburndale. Neither does he admit that Miss Guiney's dogs scare away customers, but says the falling off in the stamp sales at Auburndale, which has been variously attributed to fear of Miss Guiney's dogs and dislike of her religious views, is merely the result of a dull season. "R. L. B.'s" explanation may not be correct, but at least it has the advantage of the other stories in being credible.

It is regarded as an interesting detail of conduct that Mr. Augustus G. Wesley, late proprietor of the Wesley House at Cottage City, who recently set fire to his hotel, committed that unlawful act immediately after attending the usual Tuesday night prayer-meeting at the Cottage City Methodist Church. Unthinking persons may argue from this occurrence that prayer-meetings are a very uncertain means of grace, and so perhaps they are. But of course a man with arson in his mind would naturally desire so to conduct himself as to convey the impression that he harbored none but pious thoughts, and Wesley's action merely indicates the purpose of a clumsy rogue to cloak his rascality with the disguise of religious habits. Scamps pay religion a compliment that is sincere, however disagreeable, when they use it to cover up their crimes. To be sure, there are some criminals, as there always have been, who are sincerely religious in their distorted way and Wesley may be one of those, in which case an insane asylum may possibly be a fitter place for him than a prison.

British patriotism has been scandalized by the effrontery of a vender of patent foods who, by means of a search-light, has caused an advertisement of his wares to be thrown nightly on the Nelson column in Trafalgar Square. Incensed Britons write letters about him to the London papers, suggesting that if such impertinence is a result of "our boasted liberties," British freedom might be profitably curtailed.

E. S. Martin.

GOING HOME TO FATHER'S HOUSE.

Pack the little coats and gowns,
  And make the house-place neat;
Put some cakes for travelling
  Beneath the wagon seat;
Give an extra mess of oats
  To good old Jim and Gray—
We're going home to father's house
  For Thanksgiving day.

So oft we've lived the journey o'er,
  With the welcome at the end,
Sweet mother's kisses on our cheek,
  And the hand-clasp of each friend;
And many a time the little ones
  Have travelled in their play
"All the way to grandpa's house
  For Thanksgiving day."

The dear home fields have yielded up
  Their grasses and their grain;
The bins and barns are running o'er
  From orchard and from plain;
And with the rich year's discipline,
  Its hours of work and play,
Some fairer things are harvested
  For Thanksgiving day.

Our arms, so full of blessedness
  The years have helped us win,
Have opened wide enough to let
  A little stranger in.
For the first time two little feet,
  From angel-land astray,
Will toddle into grandpa's house
  For Thanksgiving day.

We know the place is all astir
  With plans of goodly fare,
And mother's look and mother's voice
  Are present everywhere;
And to a neighbor dropping in
  She pauses just to say,
"The children are all coming home
  For Thanksgiving day."

Mary F. Butts.

A NEW ENGLAND THANKSGIVING DAY FORTY YEARS AGO.

There were Americans in those days. There were no "Yankees"—a term honorable and historic at first, but made one of ridicule and of much bitter significance by the people of the South during the civil war. I do not possess the power to give the picture as it was impressed upon me as a child, for forty years of wandering over the globe have shown me many other scenes, have driven deep in my memory many other impressions, but middle life seems to bring out fairer and stronger those earlier images which were so rose-colored in hue, and which meant so much.

Clearest of all is the New England home of my ancestors. The old house was built in 1796—not ancient when compared with the structures of older nations, but when its massive sills were laid George Washington was President of the United States, and the vastness of our national history and progress was yet in its infancy.

At the point of juncture of two roads, making an acute angle, the orthodoxy of the disciples of Jonathan Edwards had erected a meeting-house. The loving care of these had planted vigorous elm-trees about the sanctuary, and forty years ago they were of majestic growth and made a pretty feature in the landscape. They are now venerable in their age, and render their mute tribute to the great Architect of the Universe, while no man is now living who saw their youth. Opposite the meeting-house my grandfather had built his house, while but a short distance down the village street, on a gentle eminence like that on which the church stood, his brother had also erected a similar house. Both brothers were born before the Revolutionary war, and were the pioneers and patriarchs of the community.

Nature had been economical in its furnishing of the face of the land. The wide-spreading pasturage was plentifully sprinkled with bowlders, although the meadow-land was green and fertile, and the woodland thrifty and far-reaching. Sfretching from the old homestead, the land to the horizon in several directions belonged to our family. I have not seen the old house for nearly forty years, but the picture comes to me to-day with vivid recollection as the great national festival is approaching, and I look in sorrow at many a vacant chair, while the venerable elms still extend their arms in sunshine and storm, and the ancient roof shelters now but one aged and infirm lady, the last of her generation.

Sixty cows furnished their rich exuberance to the family support; four hundred sheep sharpened their noses on the ungracious and stony hill-sides, and seemed to thrive greatly there, with many swine and draught-cattle. The great barns were filled with the products of the soil. Behind the church were the ample farm buildings, and the "farm-house," as it was called, which sheltered those who did the work on the place and cared for the stock. The great store-room, full of its richness at the Thanksgiving time of the year, was a sight worth seeing. Being carelessly left unlocked, we grandchildren, ruthless pirates that we were, would dart in and ravish rich spoils for secret munching.

The great pantry was always interesting, with its shelves on shelves of ancient, quaint dishes, worth their weight in silver now if any of them have survived the breakages of the years. This room was rich in its stores of pies and tarts, cookies and doughnuts; also with its reminiscence of that day when old Charlie, grandfather's ancient horse, prowling about the orchard behind the house, looked into the pantry window, and finding a great custard pie set there to cool, straightway ate it, to the dismay and wrath of the pie-maker. Then there was the large kitchen, with its ancient fireplace, attended close by the great brick oven, whence on Saturdays issued more good things than I now could enumerate, cooked as no other contrivance, ancient or modern, has ever cooked food.

The sink-room, where water has run night and day for nearly a century, supplied from a spring on a hill-side half a mile distant, was a cool, refreshing spot, where my thirsty throat has often found delicious relief, and where the gentle plashing of the ever-running water in the great stone sink was a soothing and pleasant sound.

There was not a boy of us all who did not know where were the best trees for hickorynuts and chestnuts, which of the maples gave the sweetest and best sap in the sugar season, which tree in all the orchard bore the best "eatin' apples." The haunts of the speckled trout, did not we know them all, and prove it, too—what time with alder pole and improvised line, with wriggling worm for bait, we lifted them struggling from the sheltered depths of the cool stream?

In the winter the boy whose sled was shod with round iron looked with scorn upon him who had but hoop-iron runners, or none at all. Upon the frozen crusted snow, toboggans improvised from barrel staves carried us swiftly down the glittering slopes. He whose skate-irons curved majestically over his toes felt his superiority to the boy with stub-toe skates. So, when we could get a great ox-sled, and, filled with shouting boys, start it from the brow of some glassy hill (it seems to me now, looking back, a wonder that we were not all killed), was it not bliss? But boys were tough in those days, and the labor of dragging the heavy sled to the summit again seemed but light when compared with the joy of the swift ride.

Ah! with bated breath speak of that night when a band of young conspirators stole silently to the school-house, and with tightly closed eyes took the teacher's rod from the desk, and then, each grasping it with one hand, twisted and broke it into many pieces and put it in the stove—eyes tightly closed all the while, seeing nothing. Then the scene next morning when the stern female tyrant asked, "Boys, have any of you seen my stick?" "No, ma'am," came up in a shout so readily that it almost told the tale. Were these days better than those that followed? I thought so a few years later—a very few indeed—one balmy May morning, when poor Ned C——, one of the leaders in every boyish frolic, came tumbling off his horse at my feet, shot through the heart in the wild *mêlée* of a bloody battle, having made a record so brilliant in college and on many bloody fields that our eyes filled with tears when we received his last sigh, and we realized how great was the cost of saving the Union.

Those boys all grew up *men*, as the Puritan sons have generally done, and many have made their mark on the pages of the nation's history. But I have digressed and gossiped enough.

It was always considered obligatory to gather at the homestead on Thanksgiving day if possible. From the far West, from the South, from New England, sons and daughters with all their children met under the old roof.

In more ways than one the family gathering was a majestic sight. The aged grandfather, erect at eighty-four years of age, stood six feet in his stockings, and weighed 284 pounds. None of the sons weighed less than 200 pounds or were of medium stature. No daughter of the house weighed less than 180 pounds, and the Reverend Doctor of Divinity, the distinguished President of a Western college, the husband of the eldest daughter, stood six feet two, and tipped the scale at 340 pounds. Vast possibilities here for the consumption of the Thanksgiving feast, and noble preparations were made for it. For days before, such cooking and mixing portended a house full of food. The majestic turkeys fattened for the feast, the wealth of other fowls for the great chicken pie, the game and meats, the celery and vegetables, the fruit, doughnuts, cakes, and other accessories—oh, what stores there were of them, with wicked young eyes feasting on them all, and hungry young stomachs yearning for them! Last of all, the night before the eventful day, the evening stage-coach would deposit a small keg of oysters, sent all the way from New York, for that one day of the year, for the venerable patriarch remarked that Thanksgiving day without oysters seemed a "*dies non*" to him.

The welcome to the home-returning guests had been ample and affectionate. For several days they had been coming. The matrons and their daughters had made haste to don their "working-suits" and to help in the kitchen, whence gentle and busy hands would have expelled them in banishment to the sitting-room; but after the usual warfare of insistence, they were made welcome and found plenty to do. It was perfectly legitimate for any member of this female band to attack and summarily rout any of the urchins found lurking about. Dire penalties were held in check for any one of them caught touching the food.

An ancient relative, known as "John," had a den somewhere in the rear and upper regions of the house, called "John's room." In his old age he was a dependent upon the bounties of the great house, and descended stealthily in the small hours of the morning and made the fires, lighted an old clay pipe, the abomination of the female residents of the place, and then wandered to the barn, where he had a bottle secreted, and took a silent drink. Too many drinks from clandestine bottles had clouded his once fine intellect, and left the old man a wreck. And so we miserable young sinners must carefully put the old man's cherished clay pipe on the kitchen floor, just clear of the lowest step of the stairs, and he, descending, trod upon it and broke it. I will not repeat his language, nor tell of the wary eyes we kept upon him all that day, as he impotently shook his fist at us and repeated his unholy litany.

It seems almost impossible for me to get to that Thanksgiving, but as I write I find those young rascals popping up in my memory, with many a mischievous prank and trick. Alas! where are they now? Some are dead upon the field of battle, one after another they have fallen out by the way, and of the old name in my generation I alone remain.

At last the eventful day arrives—greater in the old New England days than any other in the year. The people dressed themselves in their best. An old-world solemnity seemed to invest the occasion. Each youngster, awed and threatened into good behavior, washed and combed, was carefully watched until the tolling bell summoned all to church, lest any should escape on so solemn an occasion. The Doctor of Divinity was invited to the pulpit by his brother divine, the pastor of the church, and there lifted up his sonorous voice in prayer and thanksgiving, until it seemed as if heaven itself was bombarded by his resounding periods. Then the sermon, more prayer, a hymn, and at last the serious part of the day was over, and a gentle relaxation supervened, stretched to the utmost allowable limit by all the youngsters. Then to the table. Shall I ever see and be so impressed by abundance of food again? Such gentle anxiety on the part of the ladies of the household, lest the turkeys are not at just the right tinge of brownness, fearing that the under crust of the great chicken pie is not "done," etc., etc.

At the table at last. A reverent folding of the hands, a turning of the thoughts upward—the Reverend Doctor thanking God for all His mercies—a sad thought and word for the absent and the dead, a strange momentary heart twinge and filling of the eyes, and then the great feast begins.

It is strange but true that the tendency of the Anglo-Saxon race is to feed those they love or desire to honor—to eat and feast with them. And so these noble and portly creatures ate of the abundance of the land, and were thankful for it. They ate a great deal of food. We children, warned but unheeding, generally had trouble somewhere about our persons later on, whereupon salts and senna, an abominable mess, and castor oil, at the thought of which my stomach waxes violent yet, were produced and administered. The elders were generally somnolent during the afternoon, stealing quiet naps in sequestered nooks when they could. A light supper for those who wished it at dark, and then the long delightful November evening, with its stores of story and reminiscence, its valuable interchange of thought between commanding intellects fresh from great struggles in the world of politics, legislation, and religion—well, it is very sad to think that those powerful minds are with us no more, and that the stores of learning, rhetoric, logic, and thought that adorned them have perished from the earth with them, except in so far as their grand lives impressed the times in which they lived.

The great fireplace roaring with its immense wood fire, lighting the room like day, was still assisted in this by many home-made candles in quaint ancient candlesticks, the large snuffers from their tray being frequently needed to trim these lights. The family circle—shall I ever forget it? The silver-haired grandfather, with his fine old face and his commanding presence, on one side the fire, while placidly knitting on the other side is his faithful and gentle wife. The Senator, gravely dignified with store of judicial learning; the Reverend Doctor of Divinity, prominent in the forensic field and strong in the orthodoxy of his fathers; another divine, one of the house, poet, orator, historian, and man of letters; his brother, a merchant from the West; another, raiser of fine stock in Pennsylvania; wives, daughters, children on the floor inside the circle, and the flow of wit, learning, story, and reminiscence going on without ceasing. Scattered and gone are they all. Do we have many such meetings in these days? We have not time for them. We live too fast and wear out too soon.

Apples, all the rustic nuts of the season, lemonade in profusion, and generous home-made cider stood upon a side table. Barrels of the same were in the cellar. The grandfather, taking a glass in his fine old hands, lifted up his calm voice and said: "Children, friends, another year sees us united here. Perhaps the coming one will take some of us away. God's will be done. A health to every one." Then all tongues were loosened, and the children's hour began. We would gather about grandfather's chair and beg him to tell the "bear story." That was always fresh and new to us. And the venerable old gentleman would tell the oft-repeated story of a great bear that used to ravage the fields of corn, and seemed to have a charmed life, so skilful was he in escaping all traps and pitfalls devised for his capture. So it was resolved to take advantage of his liking for sweet things, and wooden troughs were prepared, in which corn soaked in fiery New England rum was placed, with sugar galore and more rum.

Alas! Bruin went down, as many a man has done before or after the same mixture, and the watchers soon saw him going through many clumsy antics, and having a high old time generally. By this time the young audience would become highly excited, and questions as to what the bear did would come in thick and fast; and when at last Bruin, secured with chains, was tumbled on to a "stone-boat," and hauled in ignominious helplessness to the barn, a shout of delight would go up, and we would prance around in the excitement of our imaginations as if Bruin were there in the midst of us.

When the State of Ohio was called New Connecticut, grandfather had made a long journey thereto on horseback, and had acquired lands there, and had encountered many adventures, the relation of which would excite our admiration and wonder. The great snake story—snakes in writhing masses, of immense size and ferocity, even beyond the snake stories of these degenerate days—that story excited our wonder and fear, and grandfather was regarded as a hero, even to escape alive and to return and tell of it. We roasted apples and chestnuts in the coals and hot ashes, we played all manner of sly tricks one upon another, until the stern mandate, "Go to bed, children," would arouse a chorus of indignant remonstrance, entreaties, and shouts of dismay. The sentence would be suspended for one-half hour on promise of quiet being maintained, and the terms of the armistice openly violated by us all before half the time had passed.

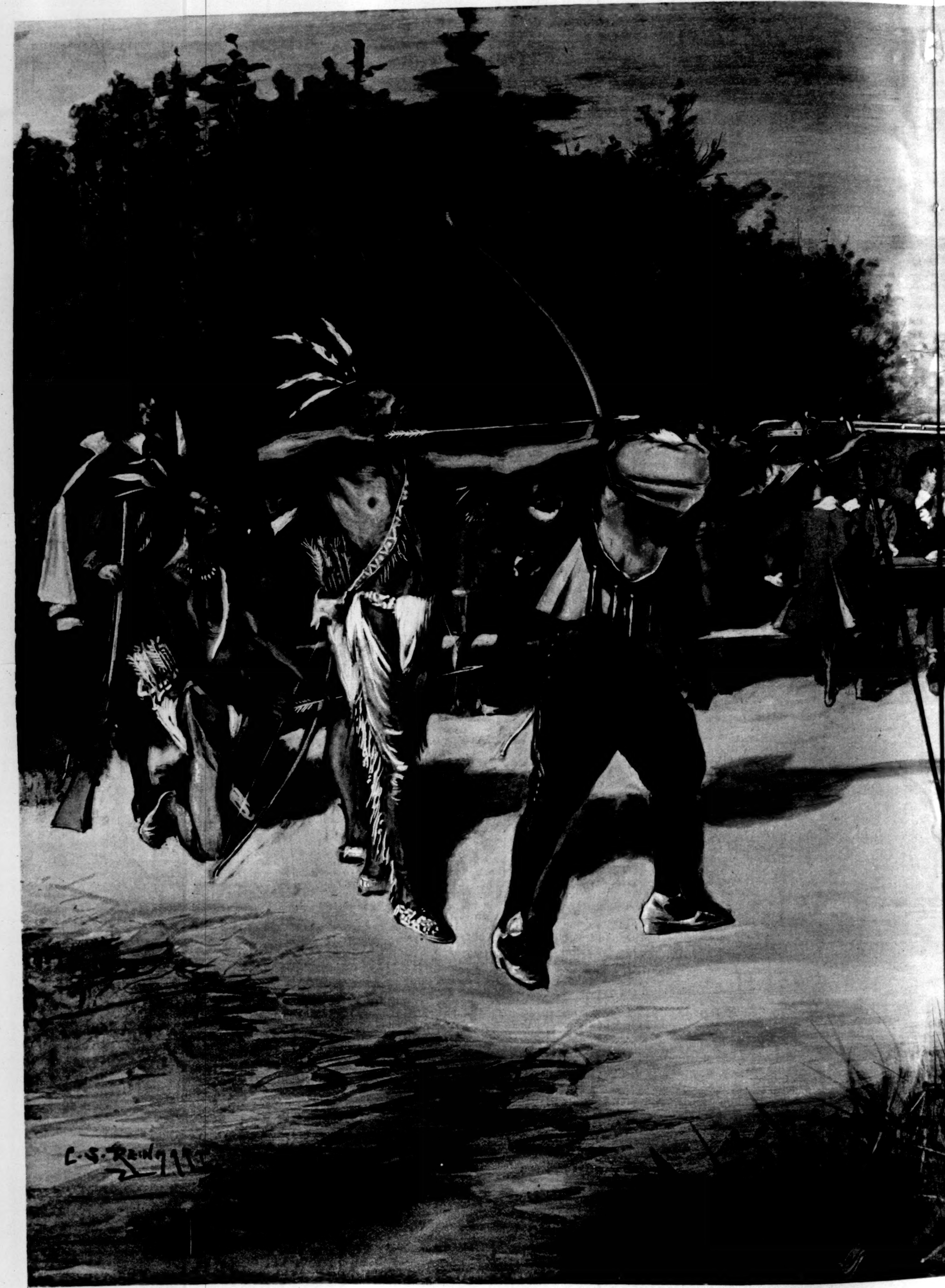
Away back in seventeen hundred and something grandfather had made a voyage to the West Indies in one of the craft of those days, probably somewhat smaller than a brick-schooner of the North River is now. The wonders of that voyage held us spellbound when we could prevail upon him to relate them. The scenes at sea and among the islands, the fear of pirates, the whales, porpoises, and flying-fish—these would subject the old gentleman to a bombardment of questions from the youngsters, for in those days narratives and pictures were few, and heroes were as scarce as those who are not are now.

Like young bears, our troubles were all before us. We have had them in the years that have followed those days of forty years ago—some of us so many troubles that they have seemed too hard to bear.

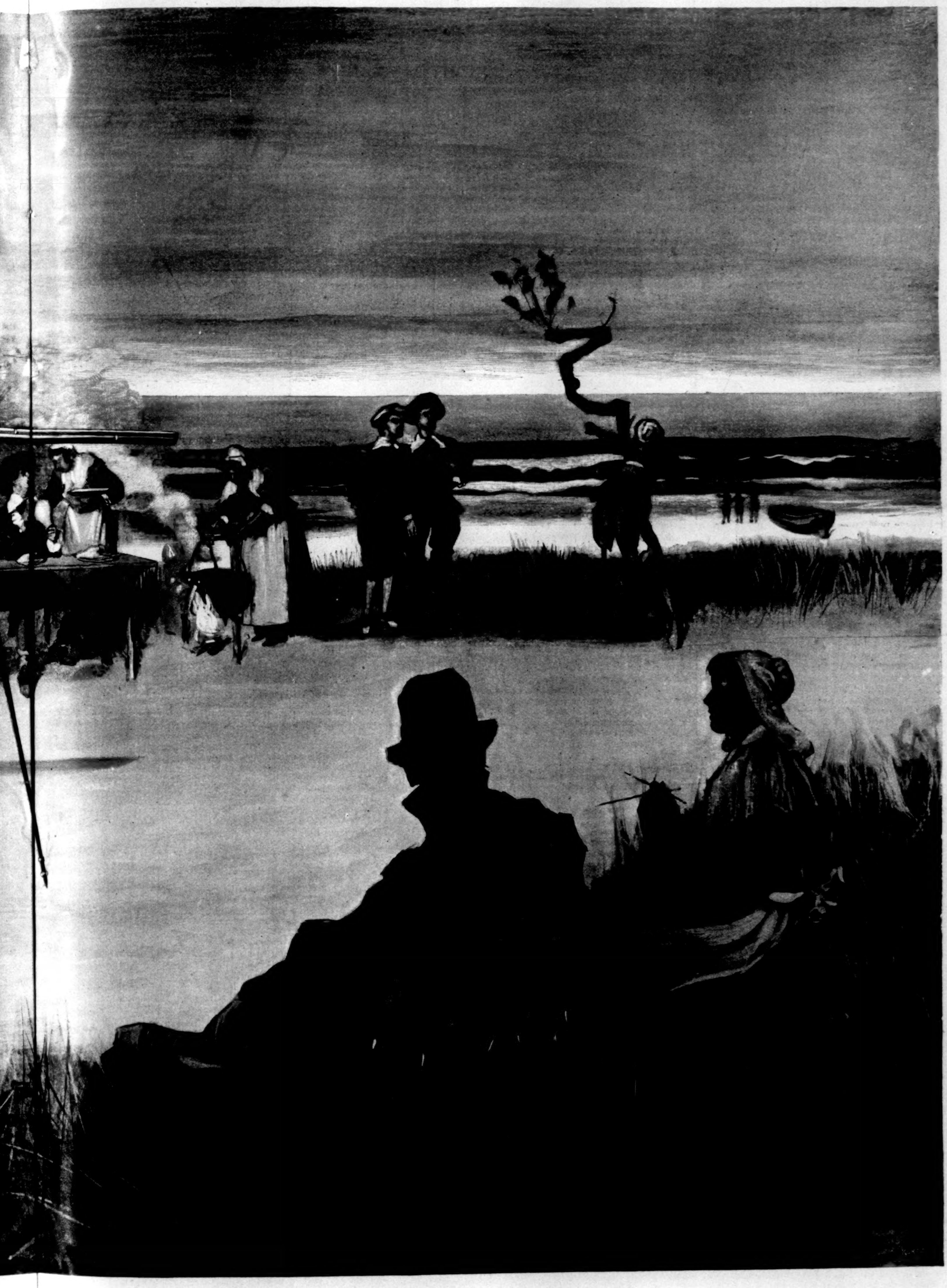
As the evening wore on, the youngsters grew sleepy and the elders would begin to talk. Full of anecdote, reminiscence, and forceful opinions of current events, these great men were well worth listening to. They were all accustomed to the free use of language, and their dignity was not so great as to make them insensible to a joke, and they were especially ready at repartee. They were very human and lovable people, and as a family were clannish. So the Thanksgiving day was a vivid pleasure to them all. As they became interested and interesting in their conversation, the youngsters were forgotten, until presently it was found that they were all asleep in careless, unstudied attitudes on the floor, while the playing firelight disclosed tumbled curls, robust little limbs, and flushed faces, making so pretty a picture that all hearts were too touched and pleased at the sight rudely to dispel it by awakening them. Peaceful happy days, patriarchal in their simplicity, they have left nothing but a great pleasure behind in all the well-remembered associations connected with them.

I have many treasured recollections of boyhood's days, but none more pleasant than those of Thanksgiving day at grandfather's, forty years ago.

C. H. Rockwell,
Commander U. S. Navy.


C.S. REINHART

THANKSGIVING WEEK—1621.—Dr



—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 1139.]

OUR "COMMERCE-DESTROYERS."

When John Paul Jones, Decatur, Hull, Lawrence, and Perry went on cruises with their wooden walls, they were not vexed with the problem of motive power. The wind blew for them in every quarter of the globe. On the coast of France, in the English Channel, or off Algiers motive power was free. Sometimes it failed to fill their sails, but if it failed them it also failed their enemies. Even in our own times, since steam has been introduced to propel ships, the winds of heaven have been depended on. Before the modern ships were built the coal in the bunkers was not drawn on so long as the ship was making sufficient speed under her sails. Only the other day the tradition of the service that coal must be saved for emergencies had a good deal to do with the much-regretted loss of the historic *Kearsarge*. Now, however, coal is everything. Without it the modern war-ship is helpless. Her engines are her sole dependence for driving force, and the source of her motive power is in her coal-bunkers. She must live on the supplies she carries with her, or which she can pick up here and there on her voyage. This fact presents a grave problem to our naval authorities—a problem that they have not solved, and for the answer to which they are evidently trusting to luck. How grave this problem is must certainly be known to the men who are designing and constructing our ships, for they are able, accomplished, and thoughtful. Nevertheless, there is not a cruiser in the United States navy which, under present conditions, is of any considerable value for the purpose for which she was intended. In view of the general professional recognition of this fact, it is strange that year after year the Secretary of the Navy went on recommending the building of fast cruisers that will be worthless in war unless some method can be found to keep them at sea. The truth has at last begun to filter into the minds of the civilian heads of the service. Possibly Captain Mahan's *Influence of Sea Power upon History* is to be credited with the change. The book was published in 1890, and in his report of 1892 Secretary Tracy did not recommend "any present increase of the number" of cruisers. He said of them,

> "These vessels, in order to attain the high speed required of a cruiser, must necessarily sacrifice coal endurance, and they have therefore a very restricted sphere of usefulness for cruising purposes in time of war."

This was rational; and Secretary Herbert has gone further, adopting Captain Mahan's arguments as to the mistake of depending on "commerce destruction" as the important and most effective blow at an enemy, but he makes a serious blunder in asserting that our "cruisers, aided by the *Paris*, the *New York*, and the other ships being built by William Cramp & Sons for the American Line, which constitute practically all of our auxiliary navy that is valuable, would be of great use as commerce-destroyers." It may be true as Admiral Meade pointed out in his recent paper that merchant steamers will be useful, but, as the Admiral also said, cruisers themselves are of little value.

There are moral as well as physical and material considerations connected with the destruction of commerce, but they may be postponed for the present, while we contemplate our useless fleet of cruisers and count their cost. So far the country has no battle-ship, although four first-class battle-ships are in various processes of construction.

The fifteen modern ships which have had their trials, ~~made voyages and records, and concerning~~ which sufficient data are in the possession of the Navy Department for the purposes of our inquiry, are cruisers and gunboats. The *Chicago*, *Boston*, *Atlanta*, *Bancroft*, the torpedo-boats, and *Vesuvius* are not counted among these. The first three are no longer first-rate ships. They belong to a time twelve years or so back—a remote past in naval architecture. The *Bancroft* is a training or school ship, and the *Vesuvius*, to say the least, is a problem. These fifteen ships carry from 200 to 1670 tons of coal. The *Petrel* is the smallest coal-carrier; the *Minneapolis* and *Columbia* are the largest. The *New York* comes next, with a coal capacity of 1279 tons; but she is the largest coal-consumer, burning 1447 pounds an hour more than the *Columbia*, the next largest consumer, when making 11 knots an hour. There are variations in the coal-consuming capacity of sister ships. For example, the *Columbia* burns 98 pounds an hour more than the *Minneapolis* at 11 knots, while the *Minneapolis* burns 5067 pounds more than the *Columbia* at full speed. At full speed the *New York* burns 7132 pounds more than the *Columbia*, and 2065 more than the *Minneapolis*. The highest speed developed on the trials of these vessels ranges from 11.55 knots, made by the *Petrel*, to 23.07 knots, made by the *Minneapolis*. These fifteen ships cost the country about $22,000,000, not counting the cost of repairs since they have been in commission.

These are our "commerce-destroyers." We may classify them as follows, by their coal-carrying capacity:

FIRST CLASS.

	Coal Capacity. Tons.
Columbia	1670
Minneapolis	1670
New York	1279

SECOND CLASS.

Philadelphia	1143.9
Baltimore	1143.87

THIRD CLASS.

Newark	798
Charleston	757.7
San Francisco	627.76

In a fourth class would come the *Cincinnati* and the *Raleigh*, but as these two vessels have not been tested sufficiently to furnish complete data, they must be omitted. They carry about 450 tons of coal each, and enough can be deduced from that fact to bring them within the conclusion to be drawn from the examination of the others.

FIFTH CLASS.

	Coal Capacity. Tons.
Concord	401
Bennington	393
Yorktown	380
Detroit	380
Montgomery	380
Marblehead	340
Petrel	200

Most of these vessels could very nearly cross the Atlantic on one supply of coal. Some of them could do better. According to the record of the Navy Department, with the exception of four of the five vessels belonging to the first and second classes, not a cruiser in the navy could sail to the English Channel at twelve knots or eleven knots and return to this country on a single supply of coal. Of all modern war-ships, the *Philadelphia* has made the longest distance without stopping for coal. She went from Callao to Honolulu, 5400 miles, at the rate of twelve and a half knots. Every device was resorted to to economize fuel, and it is greatly to the credit of her engineer that she burned only 3631 pounds of coal an hour—her official record for that speed showing a consumption of 5899 pounds. When the ship reached Honolulu she was helpless. She could not have returned. She must have had a little coal left, enough perhaps to carry her back to mid-ocean; but if she had been obliged to depend on this country for her coal supply, as she might be in case of war, she would soon have been a helpless hulk, without enough motive power to give her steerageway.

A "commerce-destroyer" is a modern invention to take the place of the old-time privateers. In our own war, the Southern Confederacy depended on cruisers for their sea warfare; and while they caused much loss and annoyance to Northern merchants, and drove American shipping to take refuge under foreign flags, they won no victories over our fleets, broke up no blockades, and brought no relief to the Southern armies. They were of little military value, and it is doubtful if they were of as much material value to their side in the struggle as the blockade-runners that carried emissaries to Europe and brought back money, cloth, and food for the treasury and armies of the Confederacy. The Southern "commerce-destroyers" had friends abroad, and English and French harbors were their coaling-stations. As they had sail power, they could remain at sea for weeks, until their whereabouts became a mystery. They hung upon the pathways of our commerce, and merchantmen sailed in constant fear of these enemies that were always cruising. It would be impossible to repeat the successful career of the *Alabama* with our present modern cruisers and existing conditions of coal supply.

There are no coaling-stations available for the United States on the Atlantic, except some that might be acquired on the route between this country and South America. There are some, of course, in the Pacific. But if a war should break out between this country and any European power, there is no coaling-station for our ships between Massachusetts and Ireland. There are the Bahamas and the Bermudas, it is true, but if accounts that reach me are true, the British government is fortifying its islands off our southeastern coast so strongly that their capture would be an achievement scarcely less difficult than the capture of Gibraltar. It is apparently idle, therefore, to think of coaling-stations on the Atlantic that would be of any value to the cruisers of the United States in a war with any European power. Nor could our cruisers depend on procuring coal from neutral powers in Europe. It is probable, notwithstanding existing doubts and decisions of writers on international law and the contentions of diplomats, that coal, now that it has become vital, would be refused by neutral powers to belligerent vessels.

Under these conditions our cruisers would be continually running back to the harbors of their own country, unless by some device not yet discovered they could be coaled at sea. If coaling at sea furnishes the solution of the problem, a fleet of colliers of great capacity, escorted by a fleet of battle-ships, will be necessary elements in the efficiency of our beautiful white "commerce-destroyers." This would make the cost of ruining a few of the enemy's merchants a most expensive involuntary bankruptcy proceeding. What could the *Philadelphia* accomplish, for example, steaming under the economical conditions of her voyage from Callao to Honolulu? Leaving New York, she would strike the path of a European enemy's commerce in from four to five days. She would have then consumed from 150 to 195 of her 1144 tons of coal. She could remain out for a little less than three weeks, and then she would be obliged to come back for more motive power. In the mean time she could take all, or nearly all, of the enemy's merchantmen that came in her way, for commerce travels at the rate of eight or nine knots. If she were compelled to run away from an enemy's battle-ship or armored cruiser she would be in a sad plight. She burns 10¾ tons of coal an hour when she is steaming at full speed. Let us assume that she has been out twenty days, and is 1500 miles from a home port, having burned coal with great economy, when the stronger antagonist, with full bunkers, makes her appearance. The *Philadelphia* at that time would have about 367 tons of coal in her bunkers. Let us assume that she could make 18 knots in her flight, and that that rate of speed would enable her to avoid capture so long as she could maintain it. At the end of the first forty-eight hours she would have a little more than 100 tons of coal, and ten hours afterwards she would be a paralyzed hulk at the mercy of the enemy or the ocean.

Let us examine the *Philadelphia's* sister ship—the *Baltimore*—on her record. She can steam, with one coal supply, for 22 days at 11 knots an hour, and for 17 days at 12 knots. At the slower rate she would consume 51 tons of coal a day; at the faster, she would burn 66 tons. She could steam 6000 miles at 11 knots. She might cross the ocean and come back if she were not called upon during the voyage for any extra effort. But if she were obliged to make a spurt, she could not return home after once reaching the other side unless she was towed. At 12 knots she could make 4900 miles. As a "commerce-destroyer" she could proceed to mid-ocean, cruise about on the track of merchantmen for ten days, and would then be obliged to return for coal—all this at 11 knots. After being out 10 days, she could run away from an enemy's battle-ship for a day and a half, and reach port or safety if she happened to be within 800 miles of the coast or of an adequate defender. If she were farther off-shore than that, she would be run down.

These two cruisers would devote more than half their time in going to their cruising-ground, returning, and coaling. The *New York* is a better ship. She carries more coal, but she has an enormous capacity for consumption. She is armored, however, and would not be obliged to fly from vessels that would easily master the *Baltimore* and *Philadelphia*. But she consumes 75.60 tons of coal a day steaming at 11 knots, 98.16 tons steaming at 12 knots, and 512.64 tons steaming at full speed. On this consumption and making 11 knots, this superior cruiser could steam about 4500 miles on one coal supply. She could proceed to Europe and half-way back, and if a prudent government met her in mid-ocean with coal-barges she would be all right. The *New York* might threaten the enemy's commerce for a week at a time, provided she were not obliged to run after the *Lucania* or run away from a battle-ship. If she indulged in any bursts of speed she would be likely to find herself on the high seas deprived of motive power; and any captain who would remain out until he had just coal enough to carry her back to port would be reckless to the point of insanity.

Our best cruisers are the *Minneapolis* and *Columbia*. They are faster than any other; carry more coal and consume less than the *New York*. Each has a coal capacity of 1670 tons. The *Columbia* consumes 60 tons a day at 11 knots; the *Minneapolis*, 58.80 tons. The *Columbia* burns 78 tons at 12 knots; the *Minneapolis*, 76.8. The *Columbia* burns 436.32 tons a day at full speed; the *Minneapolis*, 489.60 tons. On one supply of coal the first could steam 3.8 days, making about 2000 miles, at full speed. She could steam 7400 miles at 11 knots and 6000 miles at 12. The *Minneapolis* could steam 1800 miles at full speed, 7500 at 11 knots, and 6250 miles at 12 knots. Each of them could remain out nearly a month, counting the time lost in going to and returning from the cruising-ground. If they could carry twice as much coal as they do, and could actually cruise in the path of the enemy's commerce for a month, they would be of nearly as much service in their day as the old wooden privateers were in theirs. As for the other "commerce-destroyers" on which our government has expended millions, the examination of the statistics shows that they are not to be counted on except as auxiliaries to battle-ships. If they captured anything it would be almost by accident, for as cruisers they would be devoting themselves chiefly to scurrying about after motive power. All this is mainly due to our remoteness from any probable enemy. The cruisers are excellent ships of their kind. They would admirably serve the purposes of European powers. They could not be improved upon for the task of cruising in the English Channel either for the British or French. Their coaling-stations would be within a few hours of them wherever they might be. But for this country, with the exception of the *Columbia* and *Minneapolis*, they are of very little value with our present facilities for coaling.

If we are to have a navy, we need battle-ships and coast-defence vessels, unless Lord Beresford is right, and cruisers are the best fighting-ships. I have been considering them, however, as "commerce-destroyers," and as such they are not effective for this country. There are other reasons to be urged against "commerce-destroyers" than their lack of coal-carrying capacity. But let them pass. War is cruel, and it may be that a self-respecting officer may not feel any compunctions in commanding a ship whose mission bears a striking moral resemblance to the trade of the pirates of the Spanish Main. It is enough to say that what has been said concerning the ludicrous incapacity of our "commerce-destroyers" is fully sustained by Captain Mahan, who says, "The vainest of all delusions is the expectation of bringing down an enemy by commerce destroying alone, with no coaling-stations outside the national boundaries." Again: "Public opinion in the United States has great faith in war directed against an enemy's commerce; but it must be remembered that the republic has no ports very near the great centres of trade abroad. Her geographical position is, therefore, singularly disadvantageous for carrying on successful commerce-destroying, unless she finds bases in the ports of an ally." In another place he speaks of war against commerce as "inconclusive, worrying but not deadly; it might almost be said," he adds, "that it causes needless suffering." He considers the injuries inflicted by commerce-destroyers alone as "more irritating than weakening." So much for the views of the greatest of American, probably the greatest living, authority on naval strategy. They have at last permeated the Navy Department itself, for Mr. Herbert in his last report adopted Captain Mahan's views, and even his arguments. Not only is the pugilist who is compelled to seek his corner in the middle of a round to get a new supply of breath an object of contemptuous merriment, but pugilism itself is an art descended from the barbarians. **Suffren.**

THE FIRST NEW ENGLAND THANKSGIVING.

Alone—a tiny speck upon a friendless ocean, battling her slow and solitary way against the wintry waves and whistling winds, her broad flat bows and straining rigging covered with ice, and her clumsy high poop seesawing at the will of the sea, the *Mayflower* presented a sad and melancholy picture. For nine weeks her master held her head to the westward, through blinding storms and impenetrable fogs. No friendly sail to greet her hove in sight, and every pitch she made into the hissing wilderness bore her farther away from her native haven. But silent and obstinate she held her course against the terrific forces of the Atlantic, for she was guided by a will of steel, and supported by a faith that would move mountains.

In her narrow and gloomy cabins, huddled together for warmth, the sick and the well, were men, women, and children, numbering one hundred and two souls. No comforts of modern civilization were theirs—no luxurious staterooms, upholstered sofas, and champagne dinners; no cozy drawing-rooms and smoking-rooms. But there were concerts—sacred concerts. Psalms and hymns of praise to God rolled up from that crowded ship and mingled with the furious roar of the winds and the sea. Then other sounds poured forth from the dripping hatchways—the wailing of women and children; for the Angel of Death sat with that little company for a while, and when he took his flight he bore on his wings the soul of a man who was not destined to see the Land of Promise. But the body lay there in the midst of the living in that little timbered cabin, and when all preparations were made it was carried up the steep oaken steps by strong arms, and laid upon the slippery deck; then gathered around the dead his grief-stricken friends—a sombre group with flapping cloaks, uncovered heads, and beards coated with icy sleet—and the last sad words of farewell were said, the hardy sailors lifted the body and cast it into its grave in the watery desert, and the *Mayflower* kept on her slow and steady westward course.

Later on another angel alighted on that ship—the Angel of Life—bearing in his arms an infant soul. Thus one was lost and one was found, and the number remained the same.

At last a cry of joy was heard from the mast-head. After fifty-six days of suffering, land, the blessed land, hove in sight—the (then) wooded shores of Cape Cod. And when that welcome cry from the mast-head rang through the ship from lip to lip, how the hearts of those people must have leaped, and how their faces told the story of gladness as they stood in mass upon the deck and in the rigging, gazing fixedly at the thin gray line upon the horizon!

Anchored at last in their chosen haven, armed exploration parties were sent out in the shallop to cruise along the shores of Cape Cod Bay, landing in places and penetrating into the interior, to get a better knowledge of the surrounding country, and to select a site for a permanent encampment. They reported upon their return to the ship their discoveries in details which charm the mind as did in our youth the discoveries of Robinson Crusoe and the experiences of the Swiss Family Robinson: "Found divers corn-fields and little running brooks, a place very good for situation. Saw Indians in their canoes at a great distance—opened a grave—Bradford caught his foot in a deer-trap." How simply the story is told!

On the 25th of December was begun "the first house for common use to receive them and their goods," and before New-Year's day building lots were assigned to families, and before the 15th of January the home on shipboard was abandoned for more commodious quarters upon that portion of the solid earth which was destined to become the United States of America.

Seventy-three males and twenty-nine females, eighteen accompanied by their wives and fourteen by minor children (twenty boys and eight girls); three maid-servants and nineteen men-servants, sailors and craftsmen, five of them only half-grown boys who were hired for temporary service—this was the roll of the little company which founded the colony of Plymouth in the snow of the winter of 1620.

Before the midsummer of the following year half of their number succumbed to the exposure and privations of their new life, and were laid at rest under the hill. Yet when the *Mayflower* spread her sails homeward, in April, the survivors gazed long and tearfully at her receding form until it melted away on the horizon, but not a living soul of the colonists would give up the sweet liberty he had found, and they all remained behind.

Three months after the landing an Indian paid a visit to the encampment, calling himself, in broken English, Samoset. He was from the coast of Maine, where he had picked up some knowledge of the language from English fishermen. He told them that his settlement was called Patuxet, and that, some four years before, a plague had destroyed most of the inhabitants of that region. He told them also that their nearest neighbors were the Wampanoagos, and that Massasoit was their chief, and they dwelt near the eastern shore of Narragansett Bay.

The next week Samoset returned with Squanto, formerly of Patuxet, who had been taken to England by Hunt in 1614. Then came Massasoit himself, who willingly contracted a treaty of peace (Squanto being the interpreter), which lasted for fifty-four years. Thus in the brief period of three months the little colony had a government in full power. It built its houses, settled its families, planted its crops, and buried its dead.

The *Fortune* arrived on November 21st, bringing an accession to the colony of thirty-six souls, twenty-five being adult males. What rejoicing to see a vessel from "home," with news, provisions, and friends!

Then came the period of rejoicing and thanksgiving. A week was appointed, not for religious observance, but for recreation—the relaxation that had to follow their terrible year of suffering. To a friend in England, Edward Winslow wrote, on December 11, 1621:

"Our harvest being gotten in, our Governor sent four men on fowling, that so we might after a special manner rejoice together after we had gathered the fruits of our labors. They four killed as much fowl as with a little help beside served the company about a week. At which times among other recreations we exercised our arms, many of the Indians coming amongst us, and among the rest their greatest king, Massassoyt, with some ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted, and they went out and killed five deer, which they brought and bestowed on our Governor, and upon the captains and others."

This is the subject of my picture.

CHARLES STANLEY REINHART.

SPECIAL
CORRESPONDENCE
FROM THE EAST

AMERICAN HELPLESSNESS IN CHINA.

THE two Japanese who were taken from our consul-general here at Shanghai have been decapitated after suffering excruciating torture, and all Americans are forced into the position of apologists for their country. It is the usual state of an American in the far East to loyally defend his government for its mistakes and its continued ignorance of conditions here, but the present situation is uncommonly humiliating. I will briefly repeat the story of this incident, because if we become embroiled in a war out here it cannot help having the most serious consequences, and because it is imperatively necessary that our people at home understand the situation. In Japan, which gives us credit for her introduction to modern progress, and in Shanghai, where Americans once dominated the city's enormous commercial interests, our government has so long failed to make a creditable naval showing that our position of nakedness and helplessness arouses the amazement and pity of all foreigners. But it becomes scandalous when we step between these two warring nations only to blunder and to make our weakness the more apparent.

The war began in August, and I am writing this in the last half of October, yet up to this time the only American war-ship that has been seen in Chinese waters is the old Mississippi ferry-boat *Monocacy*—an ark, a house-boat, or, to give it its utmost due, a river gunboat. We understand that we have better vessels now in Japan ports, where no war operations are being carried on, where no war-vessel has been actually needed in twenty-five years, but where, as at Newport and Bar Harbor, the ladies are exceedingly attractive. Even there, however, and in Korea and in all Asia, we have only the *Baltimore*, the *Concord*, and the *Petrel*—a perfectly farcical showing as against the exhibitions of dignity and power made by the other great nations. Twice such a fleet as ours would not serve to exhibit at the treaty ports of China alone our readiness to protect the interests of those Americans who are in China, and whose lives have been in constant danger even in times of Asiatic peace. To-day the situation is scandalous. One needs to be here to fully realize the extent of our national error in keeping our few warships at home, and in sending them to Europe, where the diplomats already appreciate our strength better than it is appreciated by our college professors, while in China, where we used to lead the world as traders, our strength has wasted to almost nothing with the failure of our government to make its greatness respected.

I am safe here at present, because there are Russian and French and English war-ships under my windows at the Astor House. The other day, when we Americans were struggling for fair play for two Japanese, we were all safe, because the commander of a French war-ship offered us his services. Fancy this in a city that manages half the commerce of Asia; in a city on whose splendid Bund the towering warehouse of Russell & Co. suggests what Americans once did here—while its abandonment by that firm speaks volumes on the decay of our influence!

When fifteen hundred Japanese assembled in Shanghai to avail themselves of the protection offered by the United States government, they said to Mr. T. R. Jernigan, the United States consul-general, that they were delighted to throw themselves wholly in our care, certain that no harm could befall them. It was understood that, as merchants and students, they were free to remain here in the position of wards of our government. Suddenly two Japanese were arrested on the French third of the foreign settlement at Shanghai. In the French jail they were kept twenty-four hours, and searched and cross-examined. They asked to be sent to our consul, and this was done. The Chinese Taou-tai (governor of the region) demanded their surrender as spies. Mr. Jernigan, supposing that American protection was not an empty phrase, made a desperate struggle to keep them in his control long enough for our government to devise some means of giving them a full and fair trial, and then sending them to Japan if innocent, or to the Chinese officials if guilty. He cabled the minister at Tokyo and young Mr. Denby at Peking, begging them to assist in obtaining delay and devising genuine protection. He could not, under diplomatic rules, cable Mr. Gresham direct. Tokyo and Peking worked in harmony with Shanghai, until word came from Washington that protection to Japanese meant the surrender of such people to their angry enemies. Mr. Gresham cabled this definition in a brief order to give up the spies.

We who are in Asia knew what that meant. We trust, amid our shame and sorrow, that our officials at home did not know as much. The Taou-tai, his secretaries, and the Viceroy all repeatedly assured Consul-General Jernigan that if the Japanese should be surrendered they would be kindly treated. They said that even if they were proved guilty they would not be tortured, they would not be killed. They were to be kept as prisoners until the close of the war. Not only was this assurance repeatedly given before the surrender, but afterward, when the two students were delivered to the Chinese, the officials made the bargain obligatory upon themselves by repeating their promises.

They took the young men to Nanking, where they tortured them for two—some say for three—days. They made them kneel on iron chains, with a bar of wood across their legs, and men standing on the bar. They pulled out their finger-nails. They put chains on their wrists, and poured boiling water on the chains until the metal ate its way to the prisoners' bones. They crushed the tongues of the two men. They mashed into jelly the tenderest, the most sensitive members of their bodies. When death was about to have its own way with their mutilated frames, it was hurried by the executioner's sword. That one of them died exclaiming, "You may kill me, but my emperor will honor me," is no more to the point than the fact that they confessed under torture, or the further fact that the Chinese insist that they were truly spies.

The Chinese government has informed the world that these men were not tortured. Unfortunately the Chinese are not always truthful, and in this case all Nanking disputes the denial. Days after the execution the officials here denied that the men had been decapitated. In China such denials go for naught. But there are important facts that weigh, in various directions, upon final judgment of the case. For instance, it is a rule of Chinese law that sentence cannot be passed upon a prisoner until he confesses guilt. Therefore the Japanese were treated precisely as the Chinese deal with their own criminals and suspects. Moreover, Japan cannot charge our government with breach of faith, for the following reason: When China and Japan agreed to put into our charge their subjects in one another's countries, we accepted the trust, and then asked China what she wanted us to do with the Japanese in China. "Do as you will with them," was the reply; "try them, and dispose of them as justice dictates. We waive our jurisdiction in such cases." But when Japan was asked what we were to do in the cases of the Chinese in her country, she said: "We will try them ourselves. We grant no extra-territorial rights to any one. If they offend our laws no courts but ours shall deal with them." Naturally, upon being made acquainted with this decision by her enemy, China demanded the same right. Most Americans in Asia believe that we should then have declined the empty honor and bootless task that was offered to us. However, we assumed the protectorate in both countries, and when these two Japanese were arrested our consul-general here believed that by delay and time for a study of the case our government could order an inquiry in the Mixed (or Chinese and Anglo-Saxon) Court in Shanghai, or could arrange some tribunal that should be satisfactory for the reception of evidence to justify the surrender or protection of the accused men. A higher influence than law—that of common humanity—seemed to demand that a country which we officially characterize as semi-civilized should not be allowed to wreak its anger upon our wards until we were satisfied that they had offended that nation's laws. But we missed that fine point of humanity, and surrendered the men.

Very mysteriously, the Chinese knew Mr. Gresham's decision before it was known by the Japanese, or by our officials at Peking, Shanghai, or Tokyo. They came to the consul-general at Shanghai clamoring for the prisoners. He had not heard the news, and could not believe it. When the order came from Washington, the Chinese demanded the surrender of the men at the American consulate, but Mr. Jernigan said: "I will not surrender them here or anywhere in the European settlement. I will send them to the gate in the walls of the Chinese city, and there deliver them to you." From first to last, therefore, we who were on Asiatic ground shared what dignity remained to us, and made the most of it. We were strengthened by the kindness of the French consul, who said: "You have nobody out here to back you up. If you need help, I will send you the marines from my war-ship, now in the harbor." As our best war-ships are so often in France, this was only fair. He knew that we possess a navy, and he did not despise us, as the Asiatics do.

Now note how the Chinese instantly take advantage of our condition out here, and of their contempt for our mis-called power of protection to the Japanese. They issued warrants for the arrest of about two hundred of the most respectable Japanese who were here. They took them, as is customary, to the doyen of the consulate body, the Portuguese consul, to be validated. He held them, and notified our consul-general, who in turn said to the Japanese: "I advise you to go home, without considering the order of your going. You are in danger. If charges are lodged against you, there is no American court competent to investigate the charges. You must be tried by the Chinese. Go!" They all escaped in the week that the Portuguese consul took to consider the Chinese demand that he sign the warrants for their arrest. Our consul-general was justified in this course because the Chinese Taou-tai had asked him, before the case of the spies came up, to see that all Japanese who wanted to get away should be by him escorted out of the country. Yet when Mr. Childs, our consul at Han-Kow, six hundred miles up the Yank-tse River, sent his marshal aboard an outgoing steamer with a Japanese who wanted to go home, the Taou-tai at that place, who had told Mr. Childs to do that very thing, telegraphed to Peking that Mr. Childs had acted as accessory to the escape of a Japanese spy. As there had been no charge or suspicion against that Japanese, this insult was gratuitous. At Ning-Po, in this province, the Chinese caught a native of Japan, and when our consul at that place, Mr. Fowler, courteously asked to be informed of what occurred at his trial, the Chinese replied that the matter was none of his business.

But these are trifles beside the main fact. That fact is that the case of the two executed spies assures the Chinese officials that in case of war or trouble with us they can seize any and all Americans in China and do with them whatever they please. Our failure to arrange a tribunal for an inquiry into the guilt of those Japanese is a precedent upon which the Chinese will insist that we have no power to protect our citizens, and that if they offend Chinese law they must be tried by Chinese courts. This is not my definition of this precedent—it is the view that is held here by all of us. If this publication result in the sending of some war-ships here to enable us to command the respect that is now denied us, I shall feel that nothing I have ever written in my life has been of such value to my country as this.

Shanghai is now the Mecca of Europeans and Americans from all over northern and central China. They have come here from Peking, where the European ministers fear immediate rioting, and perhaps a revolution that will overthrow the present dynasty. They have come here from Nanking, where the torture of the two Japanese—parts of it being such as I cannot state in decency—has excited the people and made European life worthless. They have come here from all along the great Yang-tse-Kiang Valley, where the Chinese millions are bubbling with excitement, fear of conquest, and anti-foreign animosity. We have no houses to be let; we have no spare rooms in the hotels. Shanghai is full. I have recently made a journey into the interior, which was safely and pleasantly accomplished, but which I would not care to repeat. Your artist, Mr. C. D. Weldon, covered his boards and canvases with a rich treasure of reproductions of the beautiful and picturesque scenery, art, and architecture and customs that surrounded us, but yesterday an artist for a great London periodical was hooted and hustled out of the walled Chinese city of Shanghai, only a mile from the room in which I am writing this. Even during our journey we met thousands of recruits for the Chinese army coming down to the seaboard in junks, ununiformed and motley in garb, but full of an enthusiasm that might easily inflame the people against us—for most, nearly all, Chinamen see no difference between Europeans and Japanese. They know only that they are at war with foreigners, and all foreigners are alike to them.

We Caucasians are three thousand strong here, and have, in this peculiar little Anglo-American republic, an armed force of 450 men to face the 400,000 Mongolians who are on our land and in the walled city beside it. We do not anticipate trouble or danger, but we cannot say that it may not come. Great Britain has about two dozen war-ships here and near by, and is about to send a number of powerful vessels here to protect the English in China in case of revolution or anti-foreign uprisings. Russia has a large fleet in these waters, and Germany and France have a splendid naval force at hand. Therefore we Americans, who still manage some of the greatest businesses at this port, are warranted in feeling that safety which the guns of other nations will insure us.

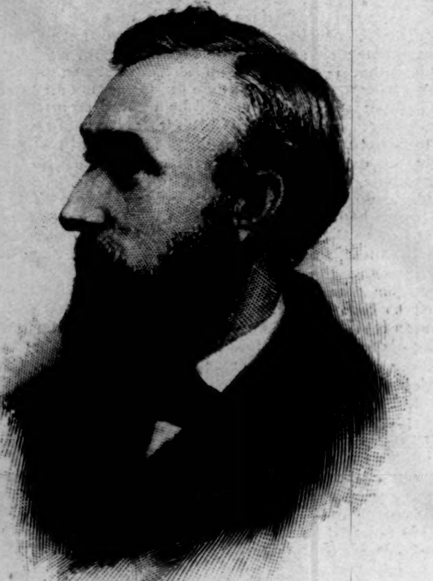
JULIAN RALPH.

SHANGHAI, *October*, 1894.

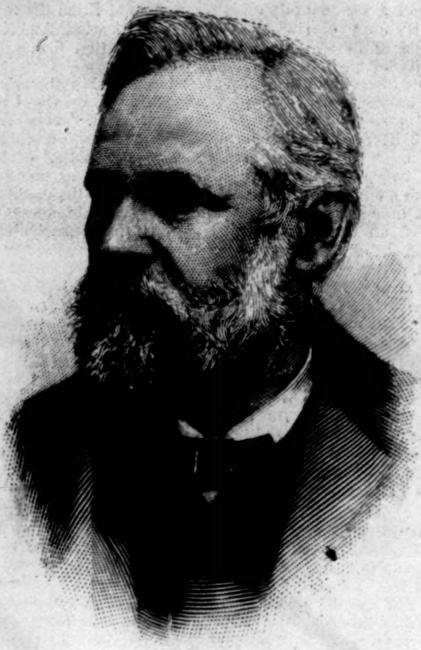
CELEBRATED AMERICAN ASTRONOMERS.

AMERICA possesses to-day a greater number of astronomers whose names are famous throughout the world than any other country. In several lines of work, and in some of their instrumental equipments, our observatories stand unrivalled. Just now, when so much popular attention has been attracted to this subject by the proposed 40-inch telescope of the Chicago University, the tube and mounting of which were exhibited at the World's Fair, as well as by the recent opposition of Mars and the transit of Mercury, it may not be uninteresting to review briefly the work of some of the men who have given American astronomy its prestige, and portraits of whom are herewith presented.

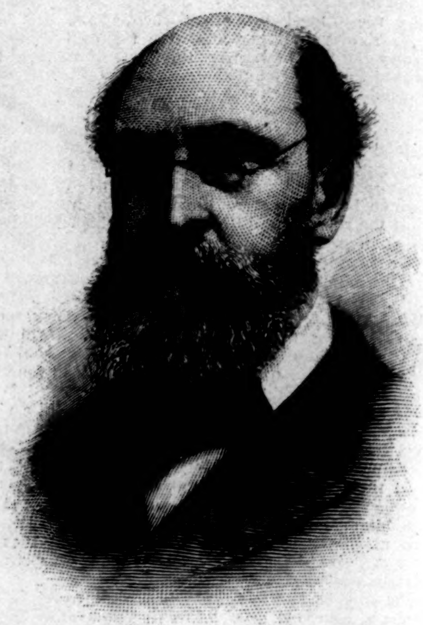
The first place is due, not merely because he is the oldest, to Benjamin Apthorp Gould. Dr. Gould was born in Boston in 1824. It is recorded in his family history that his grandfather was the last man to leave Charlestown Neck after the battle of Bunker Hill. His father was for many years Master of the Boston Latin School. He was graduated from Harvard in the class of 1844, and having resolved to become an astronomer, he went to Europe, where he spent one year in Berlin studying under Encke, one year at Göttingen with the great mathematician Gauss, and two years in practical work in the chief observatories of England, France, and Russia. Returning to Cambridge, Massachusetts, he there founded, in 1849, the *Astronomical Journal*, which immediately took the foremost place among American publications devoted to astronomy. In 1851 he joined the staff of the United States Coast Survey, his most notable achievement in connection with which was the establishment of a station at Valencia, Ireland, from which the first telegraphic determinations of the difference in longitude between Europe and America were made. For three years, beginning in 1856, he was the Director of the Dudley Observatory at Albany. During the civil war he was the statistician of the United States Sanitary Commission, and organized a valuable system of anthropological measurements in connection with the work of that commission. In 1868 he accepted an invitation from the Argentine Republic to take charge of the National Observatory at Cordoba. During a period of fifteen years he labored there in the production of his great catalogues of Southern stars, the preparation of which involved more than a million separate observations. He also organized the Argentine Meteorological Office. Returning to Cambridge in 1885, he resumed the publication of the *Astronomical Journal*, which had been suspended in 1861, and this he continues to-day. He brought with him from South America a great number of photo-



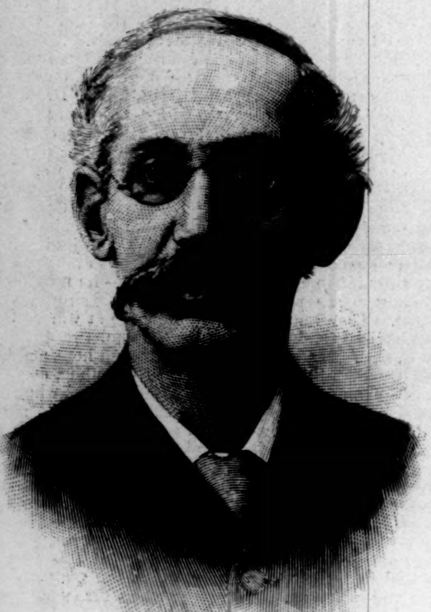
PROFESSOR E. C. PICKERING,
Director of the Harvard College Observatory.



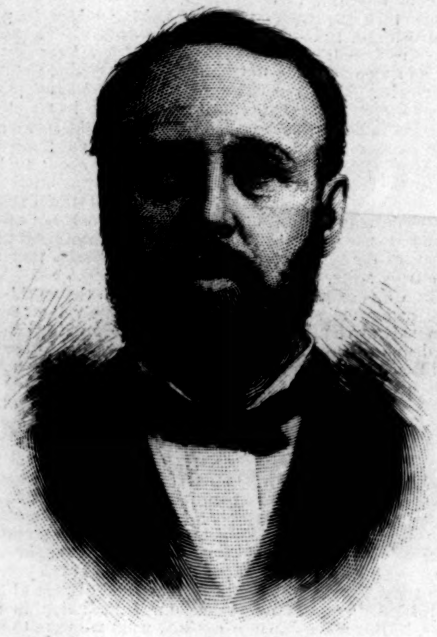
CHARLES A. YOUNG,
Professor of Astronomy in Princeton College.



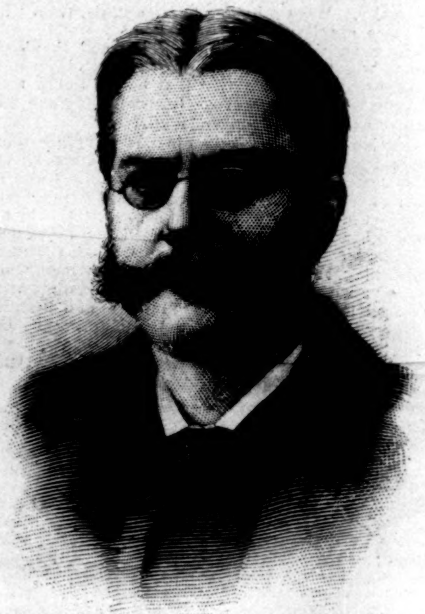
DR. B. A. GOULD,
Editor of *The Astronomical Journal.*



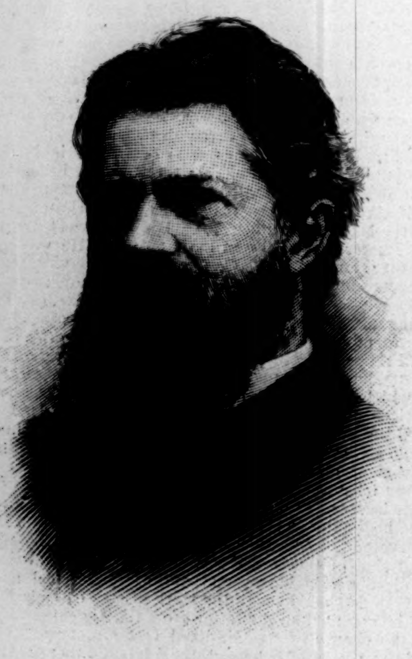
PROFESSOR S. C. CHANDLER,
Discoverer of the Variation of Latitude.



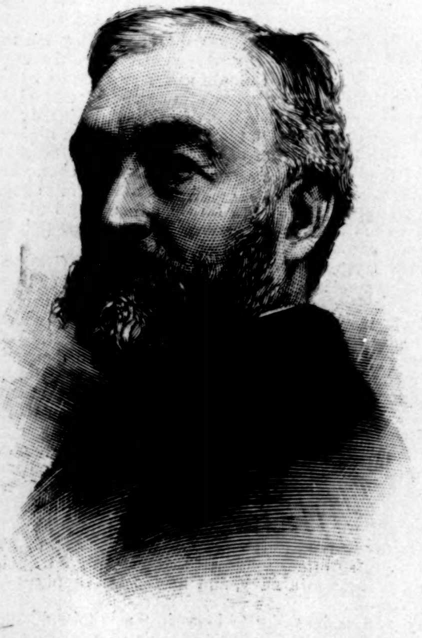
PROFESSOR ASAPH HALL,
Discoverer of Mars's Moons.



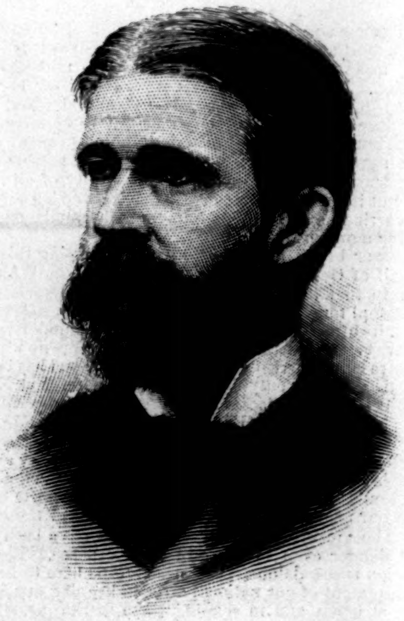
PROFESSOR EDWARD S. HOLDEN,
Director of the Lick Observatory.



PROFESSOR SIMON NEWCOMB,
Superintendent of the Nautical Almanac.



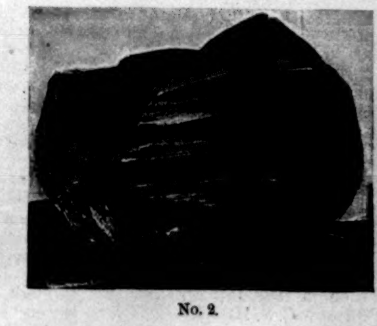
PROFESSOR S. P. LANGLEY,
Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution.



PROFESSOR LEWIS BOSS,
Director of the Dudley Observatory.

PROMINENT AMERICAN ASTRONOMERS.—[See Page 1143.]

No. 1.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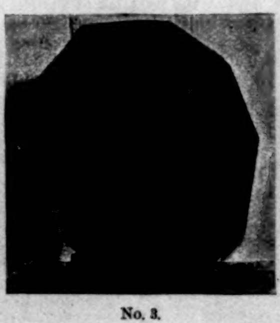
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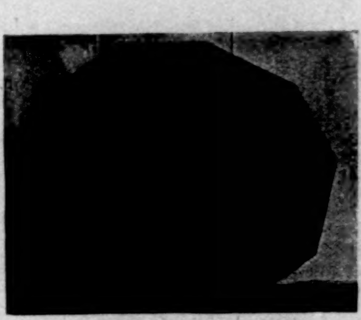
No. 4.

No. 5.

No. 6.

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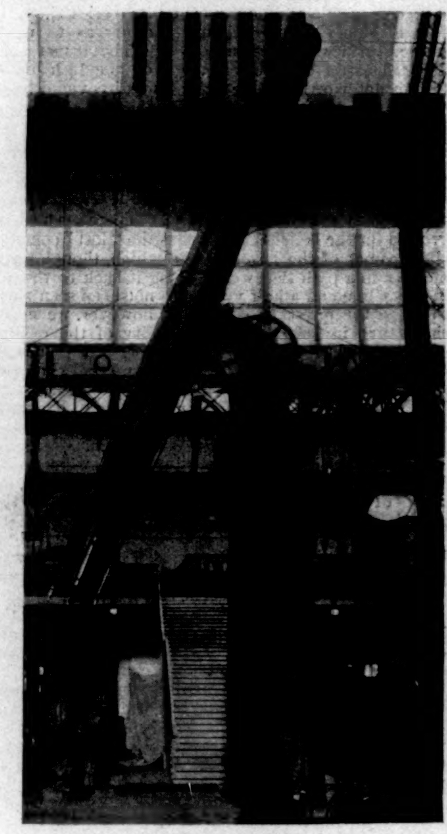
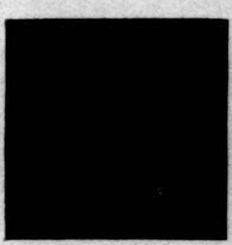
No. 8.

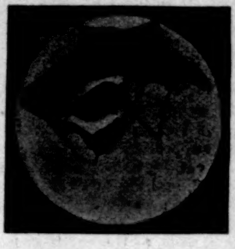
No. 9.

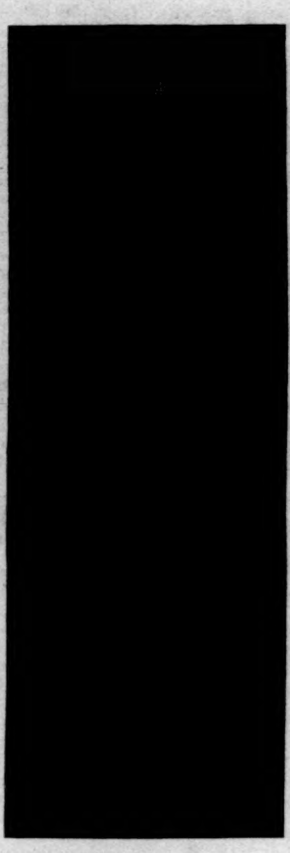
PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE 40-INCH CROWN DISK OF YERKES TELESCOPE.—From Photographs furnished by M. Mantois of Paris.

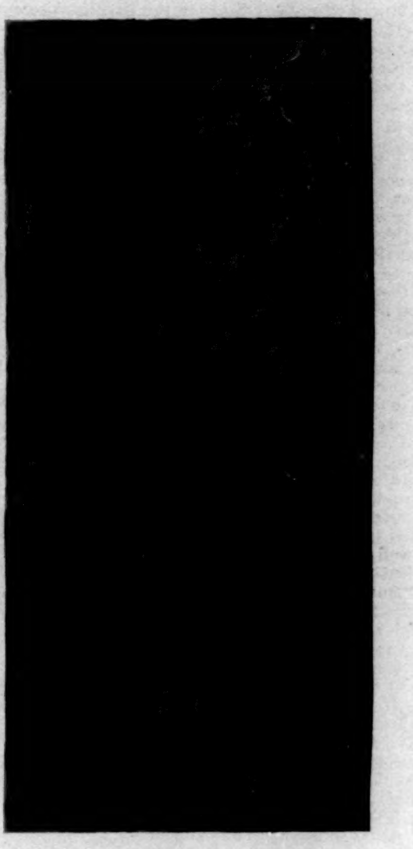

YERKES TELESCOPE.
The Possession of the Chicago University. The total Weight of this Instrument is 75 Tons.

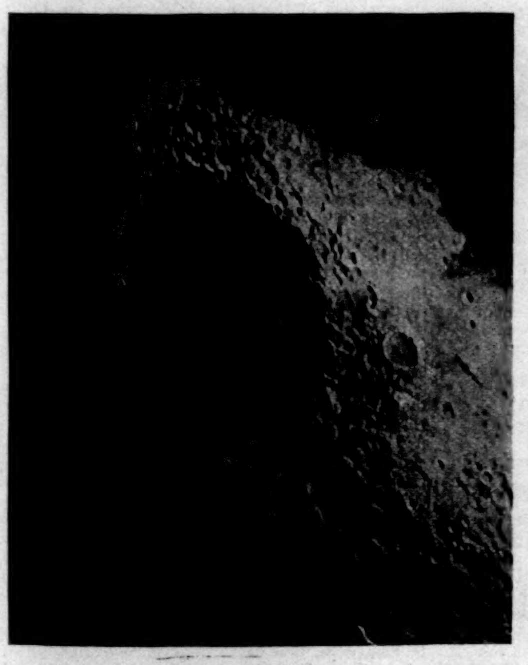

COMET b, 1893.
Photo. by Dr. H. C. Wilson, July 11, 1893. Exposure, 45 minutes.

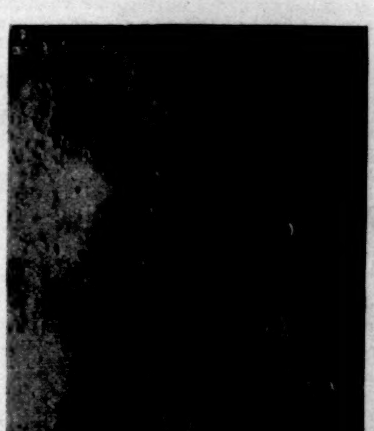
SOLAR CORONA OF APRIL, 1893.
From a Photo. by Schaeberle.

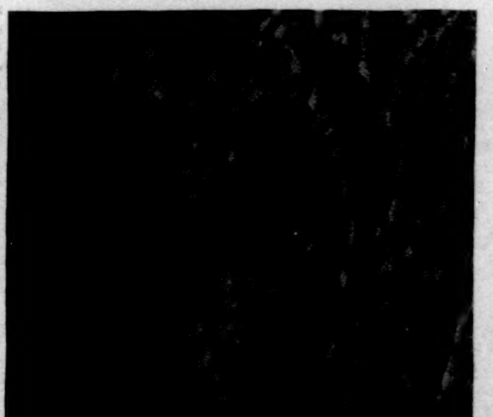

MARS, AS SEEN THROUGH LICK TELESCOPE, AUG. 15, 1892, By Prof. Hussey. From Drawings.


PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SUN'S SURFACE, SHOWING THE STRUCTURE OF THE PHOTOSPHERE.


PHOTOGRAPH OF THE CENTRAL PORTION OF THE MOON WHEN 136 HOURS OLD, SHOWING LUNAR CRATERS.


THE MOON—MARE CRISIUM.
Drawn by Prof. Dr. L. Weinek from the Negative taken at the Lick Observatory August 23, 1888.


THE MOON AS IT APPEARS THROUGH A GREAT TELESCOPE.


THE LUNAR CRATER PETAVIUS.
Drawn by Prof. Dr. L. Weinek, enlarged from the Negative taken at the Lick Observatory August 31, 1890.

RECENT ADVANCES IN ASTRONOMY.—[See Page 1146.]

graphs of stars and other material requiring reduction, computation, and measurement, and this work has since largely occupied his attention.

Simon Newcomb, the Superintendent of the American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac, was born in 1835, at Wallace, Nova Scotia, but his parents were of New England descent. Coming to the United States in 1853, he obtained employment as a teacher in Maryland. Here, through some correspondence on mathematical questions, he attracted the attention of Joseph Henry, the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and by Professor Henry's advice was appointed a computer for the Nautical Almanac. This was then published at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and there young Newcomb entered the Lawrence Scientific School, from which he was graduated in 1858. He enlarged his knowledge of astronomy by attending the lectures of Professor Benjamin Peirce. In 1861 he obtained the appointment of Professor of Mathematics in the United States Navy, and was assigned to duty at the Naval Academy. His investigations of the motions and perturbations of the moon and planets soon began to attract the attention and admiration of the scientific world. Most of his astronomical work has been of a mathematical character, and of the highest excellence in that branch of the science. But he has also written popular text-books and treatises, the best known of them being his *Popular Astronomy*, the first edition of which was published in 1877 by Harper & Brothers. Upon the retirement of Professor Coffin from the post of Superintendent of the Nautical Almanac, Professor Newcomb succeeded him with the title of Senior Professor of Mathematics in the United States Navy. In 1884 he was appointed Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy at the Johns Hopkins University. He is also editor of the *American Journal of Mathematics*.

Charles Augustus Young was born at Hanover, New Hampshire, in 1834. His father was Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in Dartmouth College. He was graduated from Dartmouth in the class of 1853. For three years he taught Greek and Latin in the Phillips Academy at Andover. In 1856 he was called to the chair of Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and Astronomy in the Western Reserve College, at Hudson, Ohio. Returning to Dartmouth in 1865, he took the post which his father had occupied, and then began a series of observations of the sun, which soon won for him the rank of a foremost authority in regard to solar phenomena. During the eclipse of 1869, which he observed from Burlington, Iowa, Professor Young discovered the existence of the celebrated 1474 line in the spectrum of the solar corona. This line, which later observations have shown to be double, is due, in part, to a mysterious substance, unknown in terrestrial chemistry, named *coronium*. The next year Professor Young went to Spain to observe a total eclipse of the sun, and made another notable discovery, that of the "reversing layer" near the bottom of the sun's atmosphere, in which, for a brief moment at the beginning and end of an eclipse, the ordinarily dark Fraunhofer lines are seen flashing with startling brightness. Professor Young has made many important observations during other solar eclipses. In 1874 he accompanied the expedition sent out by our government to China to observe the transit of Venus. In 1877 he accepted a call to the chair of astronomy in Princeton University, where he has since remained, engaged in teaching, lecturing, observing with the 23-inch refractor of the Halstead Observatory, and writing. Within the past five or six years he has put forth a valuable series of astronomical text-books, beginning with his *General Astronomy*, first published in 1888. He is also the author of a well-known work on *The Sun*, in the "International Scientific Series."

Samuel Pierpont Langley was born at Roxbury, Massachusetts, in 1834, and was educated in the Boston Latin and High schools. Upon entering active life he was first a civil engineer and then an architect. In 1865 he became an assistant in the Harvard College Observatory, and soon afterward was appointed Assistant Professor of Mathematics in the United States Navy, and assigned to duty at Annapolis. In 1867 he took charge of the Allegheny Observatory, near Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. There he inaugurated a standard time service for the railroads centring at Pittsburg, which was the practical basis of the time system now universally employed by the railroads of the United States. Adopting solar physics as his special line of research, he quickly made immense additions to our knowledge of the structure of the solar photosphere, showing that "four-fifths of the sun's light comes from less than one-fifth of its surface." He also demonstrated that but for the selective absorption which it undergoes, both in the solar atmosphere and in the atmosphere of the earth, the light of the sun would be blue instead of white. He invented the bolometer to measure with delicate minuteness the radiant energy of the sun. With it he proved that the hottest part of the solar spectrum lies in the orange. In 1881, from the summit of Mount Whitney, in California, he studied the absorptive effects of the earth's atmosphere on the solar radiation, and completely revolutionized scientific ideas on that subject. In 1887, upon the death of Professor Spencer F. Baird, Langley was chosen as the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, a post which he still occupies, and by virtue of which he is the Director of the United States National Museum at Washington. Within the past two or three years he has made interesting investigations of the buoyant properties of "aeroplanes" when caused to move in a slanting position through the air, and in some quarters the news of his researches has aroused renewed hope in the possibility of aerial navigation. His best-known book is *The New Astronomy*.

Asaph Hall, the discoverer of the moons of Mars, was born at Goshen, Connecticut, in 1829. As a boy he was employed in farm-work, enjoying only the advantages of a common-school education. When he became sixteen years of age he adopted the trade of carpenter. At twenty-four he began to study mathematics in the Norfolk Academy. By teaching in the West he obtained the means of studying for one term in the University of Michigan. Astronomy was his favorite subject, and from Michigan he went to the Harvard College Observatory to study that science. There he obtained the post of assistant. In 1863 he was appointed Professor of Mathematics in the United States Navy, and was assigned to duty at the Naval Observatory, where he remained until he was retired for age in October, 1891. His discovery of the moons of Mars was made with the 26-inch telescope of the Naval Observatory in August, 1877. He found them nearly a week apart, the outermost, Deimos, on August 11th, and the inner one, Phobos, on August 17th. The announcement was a great surprise to astronomers, but since their discovery these little moons have been seen with comparatively small telescopes. Professor Hall has made important observations of double stars, investigations of the orbits of the satellites of Saturn, and researches into the parallax of the stars, besides being engaged in nearly all of the astronomical expeditions that have been sent out by the United States government during his connection with it.

Edward Singleton Holden, the Director of the Lick Observatory, was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1846. He was graduated from the Scientific Department of Washington University in 1866, and became the assistant of Dr. Gould in the preparation of his work on the *Military and Anthropological Statistics of American Soldiers*. Next he entered the West Point Military Academy, from which he was graduated in 1870. He resigned from the army in 1873 to become Professor of Mathematics in the navy. Becoming assistant to Professor Newcomb, he had charge of the 26-inch telescope, with which, among other things, he made an important series of observations of the great nebula in Orion. Being sent to the Caroline Islands in charge of the United States eclipse expedition in 1883, he there discovered, in collaboration with Professor C. S. Hastings, twenty-three new double stars. After the death of Professor Watson, in 1880, Professor Holden became the Director of the Washburn Observatory at Madison, Wisconsin. In 1886 he was appointed President of the University of California and Director of the Lick Observatory, which was then still to be constructed. He had charge of the selection of the great telescope and the construction of the observatory, and on its completion in 1888 he resigned the presidency of the university in order to devote his entire time to his duties as Director of the Observatory on Mount Hamilton. Under his management the Lick Observatory has won the first place in popular regard as well as in scientific reputation. Among Professor Holden's books are a *Life of Sir William Herschel*, a text-book on *Astronomy*, written in conjunction with Professor Newcomb, and a *Monograph of the Orion Nebula*. He founded the Astronomical Society of the Pacific, whose Publications contain accounts of the work done at Mount Hamilton.

Edward Charles Pickering, Director of the Harvard College Observatory, was born in Boston in 1846. He was graduated from the Lawrence Scientific School as a civil engineer in 1865. For three years he taught mathematics in Harvard University, and afterwards became Professor of Physics in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In 1876 he was appointed Director of the Observatory at Cambridge and Professor of Astronomy in the university. Professor Pickering is reputed to possess a wonderful power of awakening the interest of people well endowed with worldly goods in scientific work. At any rate, he has succeeded in multiplying fivefold the income of the observatory since he has been in charge of it, and during that time it has received some notable gifts. In the mean time its staff has been increased from five to forty. Under the name of the "Henry Draper Memorial," endowed by Mrs. Draper, a most remarkable work has been carried on under Professor Pickering's direction during the past seven or eight years in the photographic study of stellar spectra. Under the Boyden bequest of $250,000 an astronomical observatory has been established as a branch of the Harvard Observatory at Arequipa, Peru, at an elevation of 8000 feet; and recently a meteorological annex to this observatory has been perched on the summit of a volcanic mountain, the Misti, more than 19,000 feet high. In addition to all this, Professor Pickering has charge of the great photographic chart of the sky to be made with the aid of the gigantic photographing telescope provided by the generosity of Miss Bruce. There is probably no observatory in the world where so great an amount of work is being performed as at Harvard College, and yet in some branches the work in contemplation there has hardly been begun.

Seth Carlo Chandler was born in Boston in 1846, and began his astronomical studies under Dr. Gould, with whom he was associated in the first determinations of longitude by telegraph. He was also engaged for some years in the United States Coast Survey. From 1870 to 1877 he was occupied in other pursuits, but returning then to astronomical work, he has never since abandoned it. He was an assistant in the Harvard College Observatory from 1881 until 1885. He is the inventor of a remarkable astronomical instrument called the almucantar. He has been for many years a leading authority on the subject of variable stars, and has published two invaluable catalogues of such stars, the first of which appeared in 1888, and the last but a few months ago. These catalogues rank as standards among astronomers everywhere. Chandler has also made the remarkable discovery that the north pole of the earth is not constant in direction, but revolves in a period of about 427 days in a circle whose radius is only 30 feet. To him is likewise due the explanation of certain irregularities in the motion of the wonderful variable star Algol. The fluctuations in the light of this star are caused by a huge dark companion circulating around it, and Chandler has shown that there must exist another invisible body, larger than either Algol or its companion, around which they both revolve in a period of 130 years.

Lewis Boss was born at Providence, Rhode Island, in 1846. He was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1870. While there he acted as assistant to Professor Young. In 1872 he was put in charge of the astronomical computations of the United States Northern Boundary Commission. In 1876 he became the Director of the Dudley Observatory at Albany, where he has since remained. With his duties as Director he combines those of Professor of Astronomy in Union College. His *Declinations of Fixed Stars*, published in 1878, is a standard work. Professor Boss is an authority on cometary orbits, and has made valuable researches on the proper motions of the stars. He is the Superintendent of Weights and Measures for the State of New York.

GARRETT P. SERVISS.

RECENT ADVANCES IN ASTRONOMY.

BY WILLIAM C. WINLOCK.

No branch of science has made more marked progress in the last few years than astronomy, and the advance has been not only in the "new astronomy," which has to do with the constitution of the heavenly bodies, but also in the older, mathematical astronomy, dealing chiefly with their positions and motions.

One of the most widely interesting astronomical discoveries was that of the fifth satellite of Jupiter, which was detected by Dr. Barnard, with the Lick telescope, as "a tiny point of light" close to the glare of the planet, on the night of September 9, 1892. His confident belief that it was a new satellite was confirmed by the motion of the object on subsequent evenings. Its actual distance from Jupiter is about 110,000 miles, and its diameter not far from 100 miles, while it completes a revolution about the planet in twelve hours.

Another discovery to attract general attention was the remarkable outburst of a star in the constellation Auriga—*Nova Aurigæ*, as it is called, or the New star of 1892. Such an occurrence is happily rare—indeed, this is but the sixth recorded in the past fifty years—for we have probably witnessed a catastrophe no less than the destruction of a world perhaps as fully developed as our own, yet so far distant that news of the calamity has been fifty years or more in reaching us. Dr. Anderson, an amateur astronomer of Edinburgh, first noticed the "stranger star" about the end of January, 1892, when it had already grown bright enough to be visible to the naked eye. The real time of the outburst is fortunately, however, fixed more closely by photographs of this part of the sky taken at Harvard and at Heidelberg, as some time between the 8th and 10th of December preceding. The new star maintained its brightness pretty well through February, then diminished quite rapidly, and by the end of March it could only be seen in large telescopes. In August, 1892, it blazed up again, and was visible for some months longer. The spectroscope showed that more than one body must have been involved in what was apparently a single star, and, based chiefly upon these spectroscopic observations, several hypotheses have been advanced to explain the phenomena. Of these hypotheses three may be especially mentioned:

Dr. Huggins suggests that there were two bodies, either gaseous or with gaseous envelopes, moving through space in great orbits, and though the bodies themselves did not in all probability actually come into collision, they came so near each other as to produce great tides and eruptions similar to the outbursts on our own sun, but on a much larger scale. Dr. Seeliger suggests that an ordinary star moving through space plunged into a cosmic cloud; while Dr. Vogel's hypothesis, which seems, on the whole, to fit best the observations, supposes that a star or sun, possibly with attendant planets, entered the system of one of the great dark bodies that we know exist in space, giving rise to collisions between the star and its satellites and the members of the system upon which they encroached.

In cometary astronomy recent discoveries show that the field is by no means exhausted, either as to number or interest in these strange bodies. The comet found by Barnard at the Lick Observatory on the 12th of October, 1892, is noteworthy as the first comet discovered by photography. Professor Schaeberle has detected upon the photographs of the solar eclipse of April 16, 1893, taken in Chile, the trace of a comet swinging round the sun, which would otherwise have escaped unnoticed. A comet discovered by Brooks on July 6, 1889, the observations of which are still under discussion, possesses an interest exceeded perhaps by no other in astronomical annals. There seemed, at first, ground for the belief that this was the "lost" comet of Lexell, a comet of the last century, which, though apparently moving in a path that would bring it back to the sun once in every five and a half years, has not been seen since 1770; to settle the question of identity, however, we must await the return in 1896. The peculiarity of the orbit of this comet is the close approach to the giant planet Jupiter, under whose influence its path has suffered such perturbations as to give rise to the great uncertainty in its motion. Due probably to the same disturbing cause, Brooks's comet displayed most interesting physical peculiarities, disintegrating apparently into five distinct comets, which moved along together in space, presenting a somewhat similar case, in fact, to that of the well-known Biela's Comet, the fragments of which are encountered periodically by the earth as a shower of meteors.

Our illustration of Comet b, 1893, taken from a photograph by Dr. Wilson in *Astronomy and Astrophysics*, shows what a great improvement has been made in the photography of such faint and diffused objects.

Three-fourths of the sun's energy that reaches the earth is in waves, as they are called, that are too long to affect the eye in the form of light, but these "infra-red" waves play an important part in sustaining life, and a further study of the spectrum in which they are arranged will probably be the means of solving many important and now obscure problems in meteorology and kindred subjects. This lower part of the solar spectrum was first explored to any considerable extent by Mr. Langley in 1881, and within the past few months he has extended the details of his original map through an entirely automatic process, by means of the bolometer, an instrument especially devised for the purpose, and brought to such wonderful sensitiveness that it can detect a change of temperature of less than one one-millionth of a degree.

The latest determination of the distance of the sun from the earth is from a discussion by Dr. Gill of a series of observations of the asteroid Victoria. Dr. Gill's result is 92,800,000 miles, a figure probably very close to the truth, and agreeing well with the value previously obtained by Professor Harkness from all available data. The temperature of the sun has been reinvestigated by Le Chatelier in France, and by Gray and Wilson in England, and is found to be between 12,000 and 14,000 degrees Fahrenheit.

Important improvements have been made in the methods of studying the sun's surface by Professor Hale, of the University of Chicago, and M. Deslandres, of the Paris Observatory. Professor Hale, with an instrument he calls the "spectroheliograph," secured in 1891 the first photograph of the spectrum of a prominence from the surface of the uneclipsed sun, and he has even photographed successfully the forms of these enormous jets of burning gas, as well as the spots and faculæ or little shining points upon the sun's surface. These photographs show that the faculæ are distributed all over the sun, instead of being near the edge only, and their further study must assuredly add much to our knowledge of the sun's constitution.

In connection with solar phenomena it may be remarked that the great spot seen upon the sun in the early part of 1892 was the largest on record. According to Mr. Maunder, it was 92,000 miles long and 62,000 broad, while the entire group of which it formed the principal part was 162,000 by 75,000 miles. Seventy globes as large as ours could have lain side by side in its immense hollow. That there is some sort of connection between sun spots and magnetic storms upon the earth many coincidences have placed beyond a doubt, but *how* they are connected is not yet fully understood.

On page 1145 is an interesting photograph by Janssen, showing the structure of the sun's photosphere, or surface, as it is directly visible to us.

No more important work has engaged the attention of astronomers in late years than the investigation of the cause of a well-marked though small change that has been noted in terrestrial latitudes. Careful observations at fixed observatories showed that the distances of these observatories from the north pole was not precisely the same in different years, or in different months of the same year; or, in other words, the north pole seemed to shift about on the earth's surface within a certain limited area.

The unravelling of the mystery is due to Dr. Chandler, of Cambridge, who has furnished an exhaustive discussion of the subject in a series of masterly papers now in course of publication. He finds, in the first place, that the axis about which the earth turns daily has a rotation around the axis of figure of the earth from west to east in 427 days. Once well established by observation, it appeared that such a motion was but to have been expected from theoretical considerations, theory having hitherto neglected to make allowance for the fact that the earth is not a perfectly rigid body. Dr. Chandler's further investigations disclosed the fact that there must be a second slight variation with a period of about a year, for which no explanation in theory has yet been offered. These two motions at times counteract each other, and at times they combine and make a change in the latitude of as much as two-thirds of a second of arc (60 or 70 feet). This is, after all, not a very large quantity, but it enters more or less directly into a great many of the "constants" of astronomy, and while explaining hitherto puzzling anomalies, it has rendered it necessary to revise numerous computations of the past fifty years.

The near approach of Mars to the earth in 1892 and in 1894 has furnished confirmation of the existence of the so-called "canals" upon that planet's surface, originally detected by the Italian astronomer Schiaparelli in 1877. On page 1145 is a drawing of Mars at the "opposition" in 1892, made at the Lick Observatory. No adequate explanation of these markings has been offered. The fact that many of them are persistent from year to year seems to indicate that they are permanent features of the planet's surface.

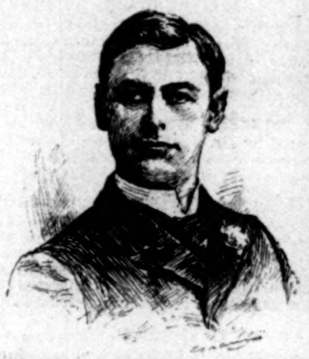
The slow and laborious process formerly incident to the discovery of new members of the group of little planets between Mars and Jupiter has been superseded by a photographic drag-net, which has captured new asteroids and has rediscovered old ones at such a rate that the conventional numbering in the order of discovery has been attended with much difficulty. A temporary designation by letters has accordingly been adopted until the proper numeration can be authoritatively fixed. The first discovery of an asteroid by photography is due to Dr. Max Wolf, of Heidelberg, in 1892. He was soon followed by Charlois of Nice, and so diligent and successful have these two astronomers been with their cameras that it is not uncommon to have three or four of the tiny objects (they are probably not over fifteen or twenty miles in diameter) added to the solar system in a night. The asteroids now number nearly four hundred, and the labor of keeping track of them by computations and observations is so great that little attention is given to any except those whose orbits present some interesting peculiarity.

The aid of photography has also been invoked for making star charts and catalogues, and systematic work has been begun upon an immense photographic catalogue containing the positions of 2,000,000 stars. The undertaking originated at the Paris Observatory, and there are now co-operating eighteen observatories in different parts of the globe, all provided with instruments similar in construction. The photographic plates once taken, the stars' positions upon the plates are measured and catalogued at leisure. Upon the accurate places of a great number of stars the astronomer relies not only for the means of following the tracks of new comets and asteroids, but, by comparing the catalogue places with the positions of the same stars determined fifty or one hundred years hence, many questions may perhaps be answered concerning the construction of the universe and the motion of the solar system in space.

Lunar photography has received especial attention at the Paris, Lick, and Harvard observatories, reproductions of some of the published plates being given in our illustrations. An effort is being made to secure a photographic map of the moon upon a large scale, and entirely without the intervention of the artist's pencil, which may be compared with a similar photograph taken several years hence, and may thus serve to determine definitely whether any changes are taking place upon our satellite's surface.

The construction of great telescopes seems by no means to have reached a limit. A rival to the Lick telescope has already appeared in a new refractor for the Yerkes Observatory of Chicago University, which is to be mounted upon high land about 70 miles from the city of Chicago. The object-glass of this instrument is 40 inches in diameter. The great lenses are now receiving the finishing touches at the hands of Mr. Alvan Clark. The mounting has been built by Warner & Swasey; its steel tube is 64 feet long and 52 inches in diameter at the centre, swinging upon axes at the top of an iron column 43 feet from the ground. The total weight of the instrument is 75 tons. Our illustration shows the different stages in the working of the object-glass and the mounting as it was temporarily installed at the Chicago Exposition. Even before the completion of the Yerkes telescope there is a rumor that it is soon to yield to one even larger—50 inches in diameter—for Pittsburg.

That America has contributed its share to the advances in all branches of astronomy, foreign scientific societies have most cordially recognized in the recent award of the Arago medal to Hall and Barnard, the Lalande prize to Barnard, the Janssen prize to Langley and to Young, the Copley medal to Newcomb, and the Royal Astronomical Society's medal to Burnham.



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HON. M. W. HOWARD, of Fort Payne, Alabama, is the first man to reach Congress from that State outside of the regular Democratic nomination—the first man to break the ranks of the Bourbon Democracy. His district, the Seventh, polled about 16,000 votes, of which he received 12,000.

Mr. Howard is only thirty-one years old. He was born in Georgia, and read law at night, while working on a farm. He was admitted to the Alabama bar at the age of nineteen, being the youngest man ever admitted in the State. He will also be the youngest man in the next Congress. He has been Prosecuting and City Attorney, and is an able lawyer. He was chairman of his county Democratic committee for eight years, and was a delegate to the Chicago Convention in 1892.

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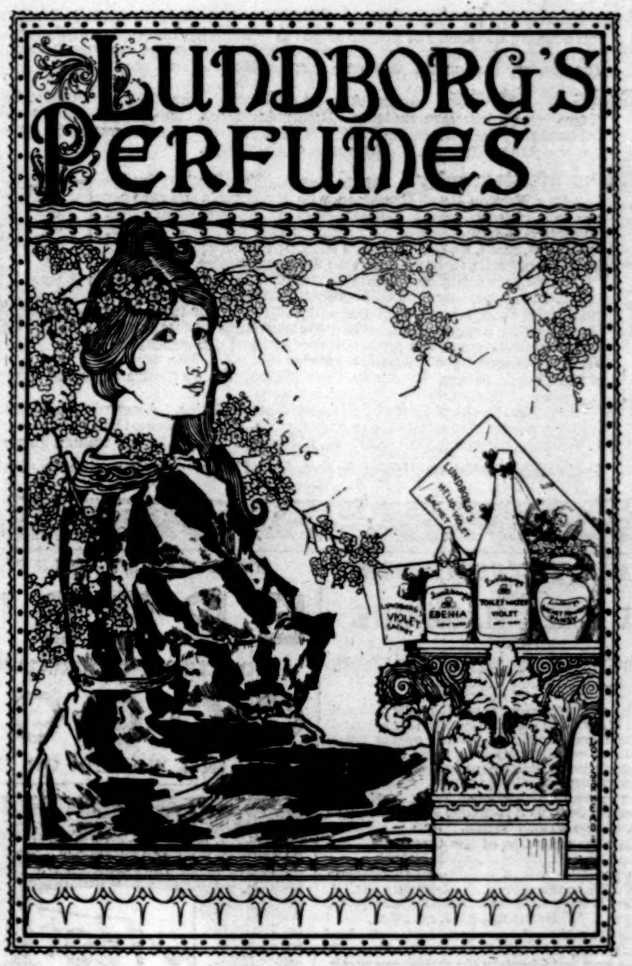

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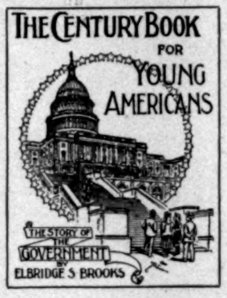
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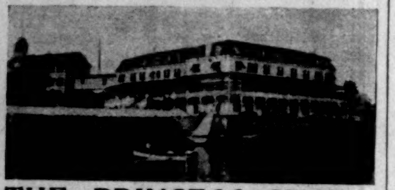

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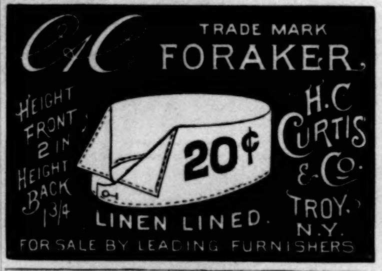

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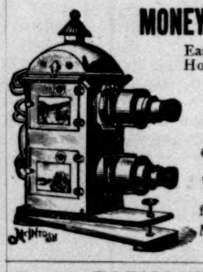

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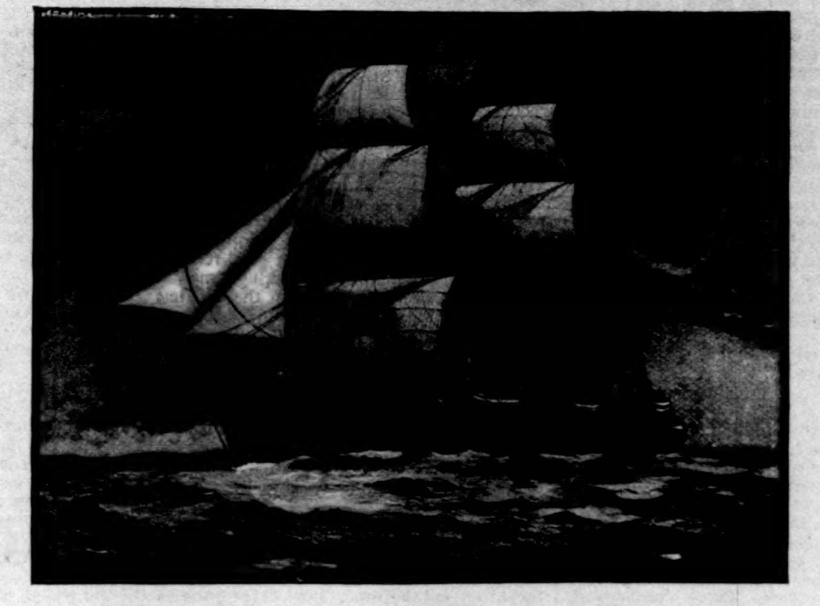

THE UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP "HARTFORD."—DRAWN BY ROBERT G. SKERRETT.
As she will appear when rebuilt and modernized.

The heaviest guns the vessel carried in '62 were 9-inch muzzle-loading smooth-bores, throwing a seventy-pound shot with a muzzle energy of 847 foot-tons; but her intended 5-inch guns will fire a fifty-pound projectile with double that force, and with a frequency and power many times greater than of old.

To-day, as the vessel lies in "ordinary" at the navy-yard, Mare Island, dismantled, and dead so far as present usefulness is concerned, she presents but a sorry picture of her old-time dignity, and gives no idea, in her sleepy desuetude, of that frightful tempest of shot, shell, and fire through which she steamed in passing Forts Jackson and St. Philip in the early morning of the 24th of April, 1862, when she carried Farragut's flag to victory in the face of a defence no less glorious, though it failed.

The *Hartford* was built in Boston in 1858. When completed this time she will be used as a training-ship; and no more honorable distinction may be desired than the command of this craft, and with that command the right to point to higher and nobler purposes through the traditions of this grand old craft, which to-day are the records of the American people as a whole rather than merely the heritage of a single section. It is certainly gratifying to feel that with the reviving interest in our navy we have preserved in this old vessel a monument to the American seaman.

AMATEVR - SPORT

THE WESTERN FOOTBALL SEASON HAS PROGRESSED far enough to admit of an estimate being formed of the relative standings of the leading teams. The championship of the West in football is a title usually claimed by more than one college, and positively belonging to none. But one league of considerable importance exists at present in the West, viz., that between the State universities of Kansas, Iowa, Missouri, and Nebraska. There are a number of minor leagues, the most important being between the leading Indiana colleges. The universities in the Chicago district have no league since the disbanding of the Northwestern Inter-collegiate Association, composed of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan, and Northwestern universities, and of these four universities only the first two meet this year. Whatever rating of the various teams is made at the end of the season, therefore, must needs be by the unsatisfactory method of comparing scores.

FROM THE RECORD OF THE SEASON so far the leading elevens in the central West are Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Chicago, Purdue, and Oberlin, with Illinois ranking next. Of these, Michigan will meet Oberlin and Chicago; Purdue has defeated Chicago and Illinois; Wisconsin has defeated Chicago and Minnesota, and tied Purdue. The last game ended in a wordy war, Wisconsin claiming Umpire Balliet, the old Princeton player, who is coaching Purdue, unfair in his rulings. Minnesota has met and defeated Purdue, but is not so strong as last year, while Wisconsin, on the other hand, is undoubtedly stronger, and has not yet been scored upon by any college team, although defeated by the Chicago A. A. eleven. A meeting between Michigan and Wisconsin would be most interesting, as they are at present probably the two strongest teams in the central West. Michigan defeated Oberlin, 14–6, in a stubborn game; she has yet her game with Chicago University Thanksgiving day, and her second game with Cornell at Detroit on November 24th, on which to base her reputation. The team was badly crippled when defeated by Cornell, 22–0, at Ithaca, November 3d, and is confident of playing a close game in the second, which will afford a more just comparison between football of the East and of the West than did the first contest. It seems as if a game between Michigan and Wisconsin would decide the football supremacy in the central West.

THE FEATURES OF THE WESTERN GAME this year are a tendency to cling more than in the East to the old style of play under the new rules, and a general improvement in the quality of that style of game. The value of kicking has not yet been learned in the West. This is partly due to the fact that really good punters are few and far between, but largely, too, because the Eastern coaches teach the game they played—a game one or two years behind the times. A notable improvement in sportsmanship is the partial disappearance of hired coaches as players on the teams. Very few, even of the minor elevens, are thus guilty. Another item of encouragement is the more rigid enforcement of the rules than heretofore, and the consequent purging of the game from objectionable features. But there yet remains in some quarters a most pernicious activity, with all its unwholesome surroundings, in foraging for players, and endeavoring to secure them by fair means or foul.

The action of the University of Michigan faculty in its effort to cleanse sport at that institution is to be commended. We have hitherto spoken of the regulation and control of athletics at that university being delegated to a board composed of five faculty members and four students. This board has framed some strict rules as to the qualifications of members of teams, and is rigidly enforcing them. One of these rules is that no student who has received a condition shall represent the university on any team—a rule which has debarred no less than four or five men from playing football this autumn. One student was kept off the team until he brought his work up, and several others have been kept from playing entirely. The rule operates temporarily to weaken the eleven, but in the end will greatly benefit athletics in the university. So long as a student is keeping up his college work to standard there is no great danger of his overdoing athletics.

THE GREAT DISTANCES THAT SEPARATE the Western colleges from the East and from one another make it impossible for this department in its present size to follow the elevens as closely or as accurately as we should like. Nevertheless, we have endeavored to keep pace with them somewhat, sufficiently at least to give our readers an idea of the progress making. We have received this week a letter from an old Eastern football-player, and one in whom we have confidence, which touches several matters already commented upon in this department. We think it sufficiently important to publish, and give it herewith practically intact. We deplore the existence of unsportsmanlike methods, and dislike particularizing, but believe the necessity of keeping sport clean warrants exposure:

"There are several matters which I feel you should know, so I send what particulars I have in a rough way, depending entirely upon your judgment as to their value for publication. I am told that the captain of the Wisconsin eleven endeavored to get material from the other Western universities before the season began by methods which are not recognized by reputable sportsmen, and cannot be denounced too severely by those of us who hope for an uplifting of sport in the West. F. Haynor, captain of Lake Forest's eleven, has said that this captain, upon meeting him in the summer, offered him inducements to attend the University of Wisconsin; and Nichols, a baseball and football man at Chicago University, received a letter from the same captain making advances to him to leave the university and go to Madison, and I understand that Knapp, another Chicago University man, has been approached in a similar manner. From what Nichols and Haynor said, I am not positive that the Wisconsin captain committed himself or made any definite statement or promises. These are cases which come under my immediate notice, and there is no way of telling how far Lyman may have extended his search for material. It seems, too, that the University of Michigan is mixed up in this business. Brewer, captain of the Indiana University, received a letter from Captain Baird, of Michigan, offering him all his college expenses or $150 in money if he would play with them. Baird appended to his note a request that Brewer should keep the correspondence secret. It seems to me that the wisest plan would be for you to try and persuade these men to have these letters published, an action which would probably put an effectual stop on transactions of this nature in the future.

"While it is true that the Chicago Athletic Association gets its best players from the neighboring colleges, it has not come to my notice that they have overstepped the proper bounds in obtaining material for the team. In fact, I think the club is to be commended for the sacrifices they have made in order to allow men who wished to play with the club to return to their respective college teams. To give an instance, Flint was offered the captaincy of the C. A. A. eleven and accepted it. He learned later, however, that the students of the university viewed his action as one of disloyalty, notwithstanding the fact that he had attended the university during the summer, and intended to take his vacation in the fall. When he told Cornish of the fact, the latter, although badly in need of material, promptly released him from his engagement, and said he did not wish any man to get into trouble with his college in order to play on the club team. I am inclined to believe that the rumor you heard was started by Northwestern University, because Culver and Van Doozer refused to play with them. Rather than blame the club, they should find fault with the men themselves, for they chose the athletic club in preference to the university team. The club, of course, offers advantages, for athletic membership has its benefits, as well as the fact that the team is a good one and always wins in the West—facts which have great attraction for Western players.

"I am inclined to think you were too complimentary to the Chicago University team in your column a few weeks ago. Allen has not made the best use of his material, and the team has been practically uncoached. The best teams of the Western Middle States are Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Michigan. The first two teams will meet next Saturday, and I have been unable to ascertain whether or not Michigan plays either of the others. Minnesota, having the advantage of exceptionally good material, and such coaching as they can get from the Morrison boys and Wallie Winter, begins with natural advantages not possessed by any other Western university.

"With the exception of the kick-off, the new rules have had almost no influence on the game in the West. The teams are so unevenly matched here that the shortened halves have not necessitated quicker play. Western captains never, or seldom, indulge in a kick unless forced to do so on downs, and fail utterly to see that a kick is one of the best strategic points of the game. Western elevens still stick to the close line game and never attempt to get around the end-rusher. All of the so-called end plays here are in reality plays on or just outside of the tackle. It seems to me that the coaches of Western teams have missed a good point, for tackling is very weak, so that an eleven with a well-developed interference and an appreciation of what an end game really is would be successful.

"The linesman has done much to make the game cleaner, and it seems to me his usefulness might even be increased by making him equal to the umpire—*i. e.*, to allow him to disqualify and penalize fouls whenever he sees them.

"Kentucky college teams still insist on playing their coaches, and so do some of the teams in Indiana. A step in the right direction has been taken, however, by not allowing them to play in championship matches; but the practice ought to be entirely abolished. The State College of Lexington will probably win the championship of Kentucky over Central University and Georgetown College, but will be beaten by Centre College, of Danville, Kentucky, a team which is not in the league. Purdue is already champion of Indiana, having defeated all the members of the league, and Butler and Wabash fight for second place on the 24th. It is almost positive, however, that Butler will win, and by a large score."

IT SEEMS WE HAVE NOT ACCORDED Minnesota the space which out West its eleven is believed to warrant, and as personally we are not in a position to follow it, we therefore give one of its undergraduates a chance to speak for his *alma mater* in the following letter:

"*Nov. 14th.*

"It has always been a question of deep interest to the students of this institution why we have never received any mention in HARPER'S WEEKLY concerning our football team. Is it that we do not deserve it, or is it because you never hear anything from us in the way of the above-mentioned sport?

"This is my last year in college, and during the four years that I have spent here our team has never been beaten but once, and that once was by the ex-collegiates during my Freshman year. The game was won by them by a 'fluke' during the last three minutes of play. Never has our eleven been beaten by a college team, for at least during the past four years. We have met Grinnell (four or five times), Kansas, Beloit, Northwestern (two or three times), Purdue, Madison (four times), Ann Arbor (two times in different years), and numerous other college teams, and consequently we think we have a record we might well be proud of. Last year we beat Michigan by a score of 34 to 20. Madison beat Michigan by a score of 34 to 18, so they consequently thought that they could 'walk away with us.' I must confess we were all feeling badly frightened before the game. 'Wallie' Winter came up from St. Paul, and put us 'through' in such shape that Madison went home, having met defeat at our hands by a score of 40 to 0. They have never gotten over this Waterloo, and would not stop talking until we consented to go down there and play them on the 17th of this month. Madison's sole ambition is to beat us, and she will stop short of nothing in endeavoring to do it. So far (November 14th) we have played Madison four games, and the score of 151 to 16 tells to them a dismal tale, and brings up strange apparitions.

"We have had as coaches the Morrison boys, Thomas Cochran, Wallie Winter, and 'Bum' McClung. McClung is now getting us in shape for our game next Saturday. He comes up from St. Paul after he is through his work and puts our boys under severe and rigid playing. The practice begins at 7 P.M., and lasts for one hour. The field is lighted by arc-lights, and generally a big crowd is on hand to witness the 'coach's' tactics.

"Last year we were to play Cornell, but at the last moment Cornell cancelled the game, for some unaccountable reason. Pennsylvania has offered to come out here and play us some time after Thanksgiving, under a guarantee of two thousand ($2000) dollars. The weather here will not admit our accepting this offer. Blizzards are too uncertain in this climate. The game, however, may come off yet down at Chicago.

"Minnesota has furnished Yale with some mighty players—'Stan' and 'Ben' Morrison, 'Pudge' Heffelfinger, 'Wallie' Winter, Tommy Cochran, and others. I will let you draw your own conclusions."

WISCONSIN DEFEATED MINNESOTA, November 17th, by 6 to 0 in a close and brilliant contest, but Wisconsin's superiority was indisputably established by clearly outplaying Minnesota throughout the game.

Wisconsin played a fast game, seldom trying to circle the ends, but relying on tackle plays, which, with her good interference, seldom failed to gain ground. In defensive play she showed the benefits of systematic coaching, and so successful was her interference that Minnesota, who played far back on defensive work, was rarely able to break up the interference until Wisconsin had made substantial gains.

On the other hand, Minnesota was lamentably weak in interference, and when either backs or forwards carried the ball they were almost unprotected. In offensive play Minnesota did some good work in punting, and this undoubtedly prevented her from being scored against twice in the first half. Both lines held firm, and but few gains, and these small ones, were made through the centre, although Minnesota smashed Wisconsin for repeated small gains in the latter part of the second half.

This is the first game that Minnesota has lost in four years, and the victory of Wisconsin is the more notable on that account. Wisconsin has not been scored against by any college eleven this season. Minnesota defeated Purdue, and, on the other hand, Purdue badly worsted the University of Illinois, so, although Wisconsin has not fought to the finish with either Purdue or Illinois, her eleven have proved a clear title of superiority. The games of this autumn were not scheduled as league events, but by common consent they carry with them all the attributes of a series, with all the honor of winning such a series at stake.

PURDUE CONTINUES TO IMPROVE. Her team-play was never better than at present, and her game with the University of Illinois, November 17th, shows of what they are capable, the game being won in the easiest kind of style by a score of 22 to 2. The interference of Purdue was strong, and Illinois could not get into it at all, while Purdue repeatedly sent her backs through the Illinois centre for large gains. The Purdue backs did brilliant work, and her forwards played as one man.

Illinois's play, both offensive and defensive, was poor; she fumbled wretchedly, and was literally pushed all over the field. Her backs attempted to circle ends with poor interference, and they were invariably downed, with loss, by the Purdue end rushers; about all they did being to make a few short gains by line-bucking. Their team-play will have to be greatly improved if they expect to make a good showing against Chicago University.

OUR PARAGRAPH ON IOWA UNIVERSITY ELEVEN, November 10th, appears to have contained some errors regarding the games that team has played this season. They have played with neither Knox nor Doane, nor been defeated by Chicago University. We learn also, and publish it with much pleasure, that they have not played their coach, except on one occasion as a substitute against Wisconsin, when there was no other player to go in. We congratulate Iowa, and append her score up to date of writing:

October	1.	University of Iowa,	8	Ames College,	16
"	13.	" " "	60	Cornell College,	0
"	20.	" " "	34	Augustana College,	0
"	27.	" " "	18	Chicago University,	18
"	29.	" " "	0	Wisconsin "	44
November	3.	" " "	14	Kansas "	12
"	10.	" " "	6	Grinnell College,	0

WE HAVE BEEN ASKED a number of times why this department took no notice of the large football club contests, especially those of the Crescent and Orange athletic clubs. This inquiry and others of like nature have come to us so repeatedly by post that we depart from convention and reply thus, publicly: First of all, this department is in no

sense reportorial; second, its space is limited, and its editor unfortunately can be in but one place at a time; third, the method of recruiting and maintaining most of these club teams, including the Crescent and Orange, has not been at all up to the tone we should like to see in clubs supported by gentlemen. We have noticed in the last two or three years the tendency towards professionalism growing stronger and stronger. The services of players are obtained by one means or another. They are not in keeping with our understanding of what amateurs should be. The desire to win has evidently been too strong to resist unwholesome means of attainment. Inducements of various descriptions may complete an eleven, and it may win the supreme contest for which it battles, but every such victory does the club more harm than defeat with a team of honest *bona fide* amateurs who are playing for sport's sake. If there are none such in the club, by all means abandon football. Club-men with whom I have talked tell me in extenuation that the club governors "mean to do right."

There is a place, of which my readers no doubt have heard, that is currently reported to be paved with good intentions.

TO THOSE THAT DECRY FOOTBALL as a mere exhibition of brute strength, with no salutary bearing on the future usefulness of its players, I heartily commend a study of *Football, Facts and Figures*. It is a symposium of expert opinion on its value as an element in the physical training of young men, on the place of the game in modern athletics, and a comparison of its accidents with those of other games. Walter Camp is responsible for the compilation, in which he has been assisted by the best-posted *alumni* of the large universities, and the Messrs. Harpers are his publishers. There are a great number of letters from ex-'varsity players that tell with effect what football has done for them.

THE HARVARD-YALE GAME, won by the latter, 12–4, November 24th, at Springfield, must be written down as having attained twofold distinction. It revealed the best football, the most perfectly drilled eleven, the most-telling team-play Harvard has yet shown, and the most vicious spirit I have ever seen displayed in a contest between the two elevens. This department, in its continual condemnation of unclean play, has hitherto cited the annual game between these two universities by way of illustrating that the games which called for the hardest and most scientific football were entirely devoid of vicious play. But we shall be obliged henceforth to omit the Harvard-Yale game of '94. It was an exceedingly unpleasant game to the spectators generally, and made every sportsman on the ground fearful for the future of football. Personally, for the first time in my life, I felt, as I sat on the side-lines, that better no football than a game between our two leading university elevens which should be made the vehicle of pent-up venom turned loose. This department has warned *alumni* of an approaching crisis in the game's career; it has begged them to come forward to the rescue before parents and faculties published their veto. Thus far we have warned and begged in vain. We have heard no end of coincident opinion *privately* expressed, but nothing has been done to correct what every level-headed college-man knows must be corrected promptly, or one of the grandest games ever played will fall into disgrace. Here is another opportunity for the University Athletic Club governors to do something in the interest of amateur sport.

THE TROUBLE IS NOT ALL WITH THE PLAYERS themselves. There are exceptions where men are by nature vicious players—like Hinkey, for instance—but more often the tendency is cultivated by the coaches, who damn a man up hill and down dale because he does not play hard enough, and instruct him to go in and "smash" his opponent. That is where the seeds of slugging are sown; and yet these same coaches lift up their voices in loud lamentation if their men get the worst of the slugging, and cannot find adjectives strong enough to describe the brutality of the other side. I have no patience with all this hypercritical rot, all these philanthropic protestations, that are labelled for public use only, and these college *alumni* that prate of clean sport in the meeting-room and post off to the *alma mater* to incite tendencies in their eleven that are unsportsmanlike and cowardly. We all know that football is not a gentle game; nor would we have it so. It is its rugged vigor that gives the boy the knocks that do him a great deal more good than harm. We do not mind the clean hard play, but the vicious spirit with which players are inspired to "do their men up" we declare disgracefully unmanly. Every man of decent spirit likes a fair fight; if it were an understood part of football to punch your opponent, every player would necessarily be on his guard, and a blow well delivered a part of the skill that we might appreciate—if we fancied that sort of sport. But in football, strange as the statement may read to the average on-looker, striking an opponent, except with your body, is not permitted—or, rather, is permitted contrary to the rules. A blow, therefore, is delivered by stealth, when the umpire, but, more importantly, when the victim, is not looking. The most popular method of "doing up" the opponent is by kicking him in the head or jumping on his back with the knees when he is down.

Ugh! Dirty, cowardly work! It reads nice in cold type, does it not? It is the method of the footpad, who steals up from behind and knocks you down with a slung-shot.

THESE ARE THE THINGS that are no rightful part of the game of football, or any other game on earth conducted in a fair manner, which we condemn emphatically. These are the things, too, that impress the casual and ignorant (of football) observer most vividly, and lead to the outbursts of disapproval of the game. They must be stopped, and they can be stopped. First of all by an inculcation of a proper sportsmanly spirit by the coaches on the university training-ground, and second by the passage of rules that will place the opportunity of such cowardly vicious play at a minimum, and penalize it heavily when it does occur. The most exasperating feature of the situation is the indifference of the *alumni* prominent in the several college sports to their duty in the premises. Either they are in sympathy with this unclean side of football, or they have not backbone enough to come forward and unite in its purging, and neither hypothesis relieves their culpability. The football of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Pennsylvania is practically managed and controlled by about one dozen *alumni*. These men could meet next week, to-morrow if they choose, and agree upon certain rules and a certain course that would remove, once and for all time, the unpleasant features of the game. Professor Ames, Dr. W. A. Brooks, Robert Bacon, for Harvard; George Adee, Professor Richards, Walter Camp, for Yale; C. C. Cuyler, Tracy Harris, Alexander Moffatt, for Princeton; John C. Bell, Dr. White, and Dr. Wood, for Pennsylvania—could, if they would come together, settle the matter in one meeting. Surely all these men believe in the purity of college sport, and are desirous of perpetuating football on a good wholesome basis. Then why do they not get together and administer the prescription that is needed so sorely?

FOOTBALL NEEDS THREE NEW RULES: 1st. The ball declared down instantly a runner is tackled and held; not in the present interpretation of "held," but to be defined as meaning when the runner's progress is fairly stopped. It would be simple enough of application by a good referee, even in the line-bucking, and would stop breaking a man in two under a struggling mass of players when the ball has been called down. It would operate for the most good, however, in tackling the runner in the open, where the present license he has of wriggling ahead after thrown gives the tackler an excuse for getting his knees into his head, and several others the opportunity of jumping on to him, for fear he might gain a few inches more. Once the referee's whistle had blown, no man could fall on him without penalty. 2d. The English rule on the attempt at free catch by the backs, which is, that opposing players may not go nearer than 5 yards on the attempt. The present rule is worse than the old one; a man is bowled over now invariably unless he holds up his hand, and he is not always in a position to act for the best advantage of his side. It may be argued that keeping the rushers back 5 yards would give the man catching too good an opportunity to run and his interference to form, but, on the other hand, it is quite as true that the successful catching of a kick should carry some advantages; it is very difficult, and a back has earned the right to try for a run—if he is clever enough. 3d. Two umpires, instead of one, authorized by the rules to disqualify instantly on the first exhibition of slugging or unnecessary roughness in tackling. Umpires should be well backed up by the *alumni*, which now they are not. Instead, the *alumni* rail at their rulings as vehemently as the most rattle-headed Freshman. In the game on Saturday Mr. Moffatt lived up to the requirements of the position better than any umpire I have followed since W. A. Brooks, Jun., umpired the Princeton-Pennsylvania game two years ago, and yet he fell considerably short of the needs of the hour. He should have sent Captain Hinkey off the field for his contemptible kneeing of Wrightington, and done likewise with Mackie, or whatever Harvard man it was that knocked Murphy senseless with a cowardly blow on the head. He should have disqualified Hallowell, long before the latter quitted the field because of injury, for viciously punching Captain Hinkey in the side when he was down after a tackle; and similarly punished Murphy before he was laid out; and also the man that gouged Butterworth's eye. Probably he did not see them all—the greater reason why two umpires are needed. But it's the umpire's business to see, and I have no doubt his vision would be materially brightened if he had more moral support from the *alumni*.

IT IS TOO BAD INDEED that there should have been anything to so severely criticise in Saturday's game, for from a football stand-point it was one of the grandest contests we have ever had on the gridiron field. There was not a playing moment from the beginning to the ending when both teams were not showing snappy up-to-date football. Never before has an eleven come out of Cambridge that played so good a team-work, and its coaches have every reason to be proud of their work. Furthermore, every Harvard man has good cause to look forward with confidence to the coming years, which, if there is no deviation from the present common-sense system, will give the teams of his *alma mater* their share of victories in football. If the new system in rowing makes its initial effort with such signal success, then the athletic year of '94–5 will have proved a memorable epoch in Harvard's sporting history. Had Harvard numbered a strong punter among its men its team must have won the day. Yale won solely because its defensive play was strong enough to check Harvard's sharp, aggressive, offensive work, and because it could outkick the crimson. With few exceptions, Yale gained from 10 to 15 yards on every exchange of punts. It also gained a great many yards in both halves of play on Harvard's off side and interference in the line. It is curious that the team which had perfected work so carefully in other respects should have been so much at fault in this. Another weakness was displayed by the rushers on the punt out to Wrenn for goal. They appeared not to realize that the Yale forwards were on side the instant Hayes kicked the ball, and Yale went through them, downing Wrenn and getting the ball; had the Harvard rushers blocked, their score would have undoubtedly been increased by two points. Other than this there was no weakness to be discovered in Harvard's general play, always excepting the kicking. It seems odd that so promising a man as Fairchild should not have been developed into a punter, and it is quite as strange that no one of Harvard's half-back coaches corrected C. Brewer's fatal tendency to kick straight ahead. He appears to know nothing whatever of dodging the on-coming tackler and getting in his kick. Had he been up in this he could probably have evaded Stillman and saved that first touch-down.

HARVARD'S OFFENSIVE PLAY was very strong, and the strongest feature of it was the rapidity with which the backs and the interferers started and got up their speed. It was really a modification of the flying interference of last year, applied to the present rules, and this play loses most of its effectiveness unless all the men in it start together and keep going. There was no laggard on Saturday, and the interference around the end worked very successfully. In fact Harvard made the major part of its gains around the ends. Some mass plays on tackle gained a few yards, and once or twice it hit the line at guard; but its ground-gaining of the day was at either end. Nor was it strong only on the offensive. Its defense was almost equally as stout. It was strong enough, at any rate, to keep Yale from any great continuous gains through the line or around the ends. As a matter of fact, the ball was in Yale's territory a greater part of the time, and but for its superb defensive play it must have been scored on on two separate occasions. What gains Yale made in line-bucking were through the centre. With the exception of the time when Yale, after getting the ball, on a blocked kick, on Harvard's twenty-yard line, forced it over for its second touch-down by sharp rushes, it was on the defensive throughout the game. The greatest surprise of the day, probably, was the excellent showing of Harvard's green men—both the Shaws did remarkably well; Stillman went through F. Shaw like a shot **on the second play, but thereafter the difference was not so great in their play as their respective experience would** have suggested; the same may be said of the other Shaw and McCrea at guard. It was through these positions Yale gained, but there was no notable weakness. Hickok and Mackie were a match, and neither got into the play very much. Hallowell, at left tackle, is another green man that in Murphy held down a veteran with a reputation. On the other side, Waters played the game of his career; he got down the field on a kick with the ends, and once or twice before them, and broke up Yale's interference, beside being a powerful factor in the interference of his own side, which was better than Yale's. The other green man on the Harvard line was Cabot, at left end, but his play was that of a veteran.

IN FACT, NO CRITICISM CAN BE MADE of any player on the line of either side; every man put up a stiff skilful game. Captain Hinkey's play was really remarkable. It is a shame so good a player should be so vicious a one. He made a couple of bad fumbles of a catch when he had gone in at half-back, but he was everywhere, and put up a notably strong defensive game. And A. Brewer's game was nearly as good; he was on the ball all the time. Thorne's punting and tackling helped save the day for Yale, but his attempt at a goal from field was poor. Indeed, all the backs distinguished themselves except Jerrems and Gonterman. Fairchild played a fine game, making the longest run of the day, and doing some hard and clever tackling up in the line; his goal from the field after time had been called was a beauty, and the other, which struck the cross-bar, equally good in direction. Harvard ought to make a great full-back out of him. Butterworth was so badly crippled that he was not in form at all, and not used; only a few times was he sent into the line or called on for a kick, and he finally retired. Both quarter-backs ran their teams well, Adee making one fumble, and Wrenn's generalship was perfect. In fact, I have never seen it excelled. During the first half, when Harvard was in Yale's territory, he called for such plays as kept the team directly in front of the Yale goal. He may be said to have gotten out of that Harvard team all there was in it to the last supreme effort. He made no mistakes (except possibly in being a bit too eager and getting off-side several times), passed swiftly and accurately, and is the best quarter on the field to-day.

THE STORY OF THE GAME is told by saying that in the first half, after Stillman broke through and blocked Brewer's kick on the second play, making a touch-down for Yale within a minute after the game had started, Harvard played a running game. They kept in Yale's territory chiefly, and had possession of the ball the longer time. Yale's tactics were to kick when, after a determined stand, they had secured it on downs. But there was a time when they could not break up Harvard's end plays and double pass, and the crimson forced the ball over the Yale touch-line for the first time since 1890. Captain Emmons, whose injury would not permit playing, had won the toss, also, by-the-way, for the first time in six years, I think.

In the second half there was no scoring; but both did more kicking, in which Yale gained, otherwise Harvard could not have been kept from counting. Harvard began this half with a desperation that made the hardest play I have ever seen on a field. Every play was followed by a call for time to revive or bandage some player. Yale's defensive work was very strong, but offensively they did not do much with the ball save kick it; they attempted what were evidently tricks, but they did not work. And so the struggle continued up and down the field, and ended in Yale's territory, with Fairchild's goal from field just after time had been called.

There has been a great deal of newspaper criticism of Messrs. Bovaird and Moffatt, referee and umpire of the game. As an unprejudiced outsider I left the grounds with the impression that they had done their duty wholly and impartially, and I had followed the game very closely. I was pleased to see Moffatt rule on the off-side play and interference, and Bovaird make an attempt to stop piling up by promptly blowing his whistle on a down. It is impossible for any one on the side lines (to say nothing of the stands) to see all the detailed manœuvring in the line. No one but an expert player can discover it, and then only at short range. Neither Harvard nor Yale coaches and ex-players on those side lines could view a play with unprejudiced eyes, and it is therefore unfair to criticise. The decision at Yale's goal-line was entirely within the ruling, and the field goal lost by a few seconds was hard lines. I was so intently watching the play that I did not see the linesman or hear the whistle, and if the truth were told, I fancy many of those who criticise the decision were in the same box. Mr. Bovaird was there for the express purpose of keeping time, and I believe he knew his business.

I HAVE WRITTEN SO MUCH about the Harvard-Yale game that I have but very little space left in which to say anything of the two closing games of the season—Harvard *vs.* Pennsylvania, on Thanksgiving, in Philadelphia, and Yale *vs.* Princeton, December 1st, in New York. The Harvard-Penn. game will certainly be the closest struggle of the year, and if U. of P. plays as it did against Princeton, it would not surprise me to see it win, though that is really a very hazardous statement, because the condition of mind, the feeling with which men go into a struggle oftentimes means the difference between remarkably strong and mediocre play — between winning and losing. The Penn. line is, or was November 10th, about as strong as Yale on the defence. It has the strongest combination of backs in the country, and Brooke can outkick by yards any man Harvard has. As Penn. will play a kicking game, the odds should be slightly in its favor, though both will probably score, and the game be either one's until the call of time. Another point in Penn.'s favor is that Harvard shot its bolt at Springfield, and the U. of P. saw it, and will be likely to break up the end plays with greater success than did Yale. Harvard's main-stay in scoring should be Fairchild, who ought to drop-kick a goal from the field at least once. The result depends largely upon the condition of the Penn. players; they were at top form against Princeton, and may not have been able to hold it. If so they cannot win, for they must play equally as hard to beat Harvard.

As for Princeton, the best that can be said of it is that it has a fighting chance. In the present style of play surprises are to be expected, but a Princeton victory hardly seems probable with the material it has back of the line. The line will very likely be strong and the defensive play good, but the team is not a scoring one, and is exceedingly weak at full-back, which is vital in the kicking game of '94.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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